

# THE MAINE FARMER

AGRICULTURE MECHANICAL ARTS LITERATURE NEWS &c.

THE MAINE FARMER PUBLISHING CO., Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: \$1.50 per Annum, in Advance.

Vol. LXVII.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1899.

No. 25.

## Maine Farmer.

Z. A. GILBERT, Agricultural Editor.

The citizens of Lincoln are to build a better facility in that town this spring, and equip it with a first class outfit.

Messrs. J. Fred Pollard and Charles Simpson have leased Fairfield track and will put it in first class shape, opening the season there July 4, and holding races again in August and September.

If you would have clean grain clean seed must be sown. Now is the time to provide for it. All mustard seed can be taken out by screening. This work can better be attended to now than after the rains are afield.

John A. Merrill and A. C. Merrill of Portland, have recently purchased from Cannon Eldridge of Canaan, a very promising gray gelding. This colt is five years old, stands 15-2 hands tall, weighs 1,200 pounds. He is by Gid Knox, he is Gideon and dam by Gen. Knox.

Z. A. Gilbert of North Greene, recently sold a fine pair of Shorthorn steers for which he received \$180. They were purchased by E. L. Mower of the same town to be used in doing his farm work through the spring. There is a lively movement in oxen all around in preparation for the spring's work now close at hand.

Good stock is still coming into the State. Oscar Shirley, Houlton, has recently imported a pair of Shorthorn cattle from Ontario, Canada. They are a half five years old and a heifer coming two years old this spring. They are largely the blood of what is popularly known as Scotch Shorthorns, and are both very fine animals.

First the peas and the early potatoes. Plant generously of both. Plant several kinds of peas at the same time, as early, medium and late. This will give a succession for several weeks. No one article from the garden is more acceptable in the farmer's table through the month of July than peas. They are healthful, palatable, and very desirable for a hot weather diet.

One after another of the States are enacting laws prohibiting the use of preservatives in milk, butter or cream. Farmers and handlers of these goods may be sure, that sooner or later all the dairy States must come into line, and this is right. The people don't want "rottened" food articles to eat. There is a revolution working its way in milk and its products.

There is still room for improvement in most of the Maine butter it seems. A market reporter, writing of the butter market of Boston, has this to say: "Then, too, the quality is less uniform than at any other time, and lots from the same shipper vary somewhat very much. This feature is more noticeable in butter coming from Maine than from any other New England State."

Another example of the aid the Canadian government is giving its subjects in the promotion of the cheese industry. One of the necessities for a choice and therefore valuable cheese is a proper curing room. In order for the curing process to bring out best possible results the temperature of the curing room must be measurably under control during the last months. What is known as the sub-merch dry is highly recommended for this purpose, and the Quebec government has decided to give a bonus of \$10 to every cheese factory in the province that will put in a sub-merch dry.

Friday, April 7, was one of the days when there were some good horses sold in North Anson. Frank Donley sold his gelding, a year old, this summer, to A. G. Bicker of Oakland. Will Livingston sold his chestnut mare to R. L. Cummings of South Paris. Mr. Cummings made two other purchases, Monday, one a bay mare by Tom Long, of Harry Spaulding, and the other a bay mare by Independent Dictator, of Augustus E. Barker. Nearly all of these horses weighed 1,400, and stood 15 hands or better. There seems to be a growing demand for heavy driving horses that stand up well with good style and action.

The farmers make more wealth for the country than any other class of people. And what is of equal importance, though rarely recognized, this wealth is in full measure a creation from the soil. The farmer applies his labor and his intelligence to the soil, and forthwith products of value spring forth to gladden the hearts of the people. The artisan takes material already of value and merely transforms it into still more valuable forms. The miner, delving in the bowels of the earth, in bringing forth his coal and his gold, reduces his supply in the soil to only changing the place of his goods. The farmer's annual creations are made on forever and still leave no permanent behind. Nature never refuses to respond to the demands of the intelligent husbandman.

## DAIRYMEN HELPING THEMSELVES.

Our dairymen, through their new organization, have started out in an effort entirely original and promising. Import results. This is in evidence of what we have all along contended, namely, that there was work needed in the interest of this important industry that only the dairymen themselves could reach. The idea that the State board of agriculture could do this helpful work, and therefore no dairymen's association was needed, was born of selfish ends that happily our far sighted, earnest workers could see through in time to work out their plans from a broader view. In another column is given at some length the proceedings of the meeting at Auburn last week, called by the executive officers of the State Dairymen's Association. The key note to the subject matter there under consideration was to devise measures to overcome the widespread distrust—lack of confidence in the methods of business—that has all along clouded the business of cooperative dairy work among us and been a serious stumbling block in the way of that progress that those of experience in the business feel should be made. It is a fact that the farmers' side of the cooperation is not safely guarded. All creamerymen admit this.

The work undertaken by this association is to bridge over this weak spot in our cooperative work. The plan is to put the testing of the samples of cream or milk, on which the money due for the cream or milk taken at the creamery is apportioned, into the custody of a disinterested party appointed by the association and who at the same time is known to be an expert in the work of testing. In this the patrons interested would stand on equal grounds with the creamery, and no advantage in this work could possibly accrue to one side over the other. The plan is new; no State has before undertaken such a work. It promises to be practicable. Each party may then know that strict equity obtains. Mr. Bradford, long the manager of the extensive business of the Turner Center Dairymen's Association, than whom no man in New England or elsewhere in the country has given creamery problems more study, gives the movement his full endorsement and was the first party to sign an agreement to place their large number of samples in charge of the State association. The result of this advance step will be watched with a wide interest.

## COST VS. MARKET VALUE.

Mr. Editor: Your article, "The Profit of Dairying," in the last issue of the Farmer, interested me very much. It is very encouraging the profit is so large—on paper. I am not a scholar nor a business man, only one of the poor, ignorant farmers; so it seems strange to me in reckoning the profits of any operation to charge the operation any items at other than market price. If dairy fees can be produced at less than it will sell for in market, why give the dairy the benefit? Is other manufacturing business conducted on that plan? Perhaps we might steal our feed, then the cost of production is a surprise. Hay, \$5 per ton! Scientists have been teaching us that a ton of hay extracts more soil than that value of fertilizer from the soil, which must be returned or the soil is ruined. Then there are the little items of interest and tax to be added, to say nothing of labor. I gather from your figures that we can produce about \$12 worth of grain for \$5.

I am done fooling with old cows. Shall devote all my land and energy to raising grain. Pastureage, \$2! You forget that the tax on land, enough to pasture a cow, is more than half that amount, and the interest, even at the present low price of land, nearly twice the amount. I think, Mr. Editor, you would find a vast difference in the cost of producing crops with the pencil and producing them with the plow.

Why should there not be a difference in the cost of feeding cows in New Jersey, with the mild climate and a growing season nearly two months longer than ours. Prof. Gowell's figuring may be a little "off," but your estimate, Mr. Editor, is J. H. B. P. S. Don't worry about the profit experiment injuring the business. Mr. Editor. We can, and do, by using good horse sense, make butter at a less feed cost than Prof. Gowell, and charge market prices for all feed consumed.

[Remarks by the Editor:] The position of our correspondent in regard to making up his case on selling value of fodder products rather than cost, is too fallacious for notice, were it not that he evidently makes it his opportunity to raise an argument with the editor of this department of the Farmer, and fire a quib at "producing crops with a pencil."

Where would the merchant find his profits if he charged his business with the goods at their selling value instead of their cost to him? Then as to cost of keep, we wish our correspondent would figure out carefully for our columns the actual cost to a thrifty Kennebec farmer of the different fodders required in the keeping of a cow. The editor has had something to do with such matters all his life, and last year harvested fodder enough for forty head of cattle and nearly grain enough to go with it.

There has been altogether too much effort at figuring farmers into poverty, while all the while they go on making money from their farms, and at this time are actually in the lead in average

## THE FRENCH COACH HORSE.

We present in this issue a fine illustration of four half-blood French Coach colts bred at Elmwood Stock Farm, Lewiston Junction, by Mr. J. S. Sanborn, an examination of which will clearly show the quality of the colts and the uniformity in breeding. In this connection we present from a well known authority the following sketch of the French Coach breed of horses as established by the government of France.

In England the French *demi-sang*, or, as we know him here, the French Coach horse, is usually known as the "Anglo-Norman." Many of the very finest of the carriage and coach horses used in England, and especially in London, are of this breed, and were bred in France. Touching the Anglo-Norman, Sir Walter Gilbey says in his recently published book, "The Harness Horse."

The success of the French in establishing a breed of road horses from a foundation of Hackney blood is nowhere more noteworthy than in Normandy. So marked is the pre-eminence of merit of the animals bred in that province that they are known on the continent as the Anglo-Norman breed; and what is more to the point, their superiority is so unanimously recognized that government agents of Austria, Hungary, and most other continental nations, regularly visit Normandy to purchase their stallions in preference to buying them in England. Geographical convenience and diminished risk of transport may have something to do with this preference; but we may be quite sure that if the Anglo-Norman stallions were appreciably inferior to the sires obtainable in this country (England), neither convenience, reduced risk nor lesser expense would induce these sagacious buyers to accept figures that we can produce about \$12 worth of grain for \$5.

I am done fooling with old cows. Shall devote all my land and energy to raising grain. Pastureage, \$2! You forget that the tax on land, enough to pasture a cow, is more than half that amount, and the interest, even at the present low price of land, nearly twice the amount. I think, Mr. Editor, you would find a vast difference in the cost of producing crops with the pencil and producing them with the plow.

Why should there not be a difference in the cost of feeding cows in New Jersey, with the mild climate and a growing season nearly two months longer than ours. Prof. Gowell's figuring may be a little "off," but your estimate, Mr. Editor, is J. H. B. P. S. Don't worry about the profit experiment injuring the business. Mr. Editor. We can, and do, by using good horse sense, make butter at a less feed cost than Prof. Gowell, and charge market prices for all feed consumed.

The writer well remembers when a few of these Anglo-Normans were exhibited in England at London and elsewhere, and taking horses they were too, but showing far more of the blood horse than of anything else, and the same is true at this day. In fact, the French Coach of the present day and age is merely a very large thoroughbred made over slightly to fit him for use on the road and race course at the trot instead of at the gallop. The type and style are all there, only there is a little greater length, shorter cannon bones, hocks a trifle wider apart, and in general the thoroughbred type modified to meet harness requirements.

Sir Walter's testimony to the excellence of the French Coach horse, and his selection by European purchasing agents in preference to the English horse, is most important. Englishmen are, as a rule, loath to admit that the continent of Europe contains anything better than is to be found in their tight little Isle, and when one so well informed as the writer quoted does so, it may reasonably be admitted that he speaks by the card.

Another point well brought out by Sir

## WALTER IS THAT THE FRENCH COACH HORSE IS PRECISELY A ROAD HORSE.

He is fitted by nature and training to trot and look well both standing and moving, and the geldings that are now coming to the American markets, sired by French Coach stallions from native-bred American trotting mares, prove that the stallions of that breed are as well fitted to breed good stock in America as they are in Europe.

Only last week a five-year-old brown gelding, got by an imported French Coach stallion from a standard-bred mare, came to the Chicago market in rather low flesh, and there he was bid off by Tichenor & Co. for \$300. He was a typical coach gelding, and the man that breeds more like him has before him an easy road to affluence.

Misty Morning, the great American trotting mare exported to France by the late Antonio E. Terry, has foaled a filly by Cash, son of Olmedo Wilkes. The great mare will now be bred to a representative French trotting stallion, and the results of the mating will be watched with much interest, both in America and France.

There seems to be no doubt that the French Coach American trotter cross is a good one for the production of high-class carriage horses if the parents are well selected. Last week E. Roland shipped from Iowa City, Iowa, to the Chicago market a 5-year-old brown gelding that topped the market at \$300, being bid off by Tichenor & Co. This gelding was a typical coaching animal with good action and weighed close to 1,200 pounds. If a man will set out deliberately to breed this kind, no matter how he does it, he will soon be beyond the reach of poverty.

France mounts her cavalry well. Not so long ago, Captain Merle des Iles and Lieut. Dinan of the Tenth Chasseurs a Cheval, but that they could ride from Moulins, their garrison town, to Paris and back, a distance of 625 kilometres in seven days, without changing horses. The roads were deep with dust, but the officers wore their best, with some hours to spare. They figured to go about 60 kilometres per day, the kilometre being roughly about five-eighths of our mile of 1,760 yards, and they won with their horses in good condition, and troop horses at that. This is by no means a bad indication that the French government's policy of developing a roadster for army use is the correct one.

From most of the breeding districts comes the wall, emanating from the regular shippers, that agents or private buyers are scouring the country, looking for driving, carriage or coach horses, and offering longer prices than regular shippers can afford to pay, and take the risks incident to running horses into one or other of the markets, and taking chances on what they will bring. It's fun for the producer, though.

Last year the owners of trotters in France won over five times as much money as they paid in entry fees. The total amount of purse and stake money won at races subsidized directly or indirectly by the government was \$368,385, and the amount the owners paid in entry fees was \$74,590. Of this total amount paid in as entry money, \$43,000 was not immediately handed out to winners; but the remainder, \$61,590, was paid right back to the winners in the races for which the entry fees were required. The following short statement shows where the money comes from that is raced for in France, over and above that which the horsemen themselves pay as entry fees. The General Government donated during 1898, \$62,305, the recognized trotting societies added \$64,235, the Societe d'Enseignement du Demi-Sang contributed on its own account \$102,600, and in the name of the General Government \$12,000 more; the Societe des Steeplechases gave for trotting race prizes \$10,400, and the various municipal

## SAMPLE OF MAINE BRED HORSES.



Four in-hand 4-year-olds, Half-blood French Coach bred by J. S. Sanborn, Lewiston Junction 16 hands high, and weighing over 1100 each.

## ADVANCES FROM FRANCE ARE TO THE EFFECT THAT DEMI-SANG HORSES WITH TROTTER SPEED ARE, AT THIS MOMENT, HIGHER IN PRICE AND MORE FIRMLY HELD THAN THEY HAVE EVER BEFORE.

The reason for this is that the owners of trotters can win quite large sums of money in racing, the entry fee is only two per cent, or less, and the entries paid in go right back to the winners.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF FARMER'S INSTITUTE INSTRUCTION.

BY PROF. W. H. JORDAN.  
At the annual meeting of institute workers at Rochester, New York, the leading address was by Prof. Jordan, and so fully is it in accord with the position taken by the Maine Farmer that we make a full abstract. It will repay a careful reading by every thoughtful friend and worker in the agricultural field. Nothing better has ever been published along this line.

Agriculture, in its mechanical relations, in its creeds and in the pabulum upon which its thought feeds, is undergoing widespread and important changes. The desirability of any calling, when judged by proper standards, depends upon the altitude of intellectual and moral quality which it demands of its followers rather than upon its opportunities for unusual financial or professional success. It is undeniable, I believe, that success in agriculture now demands an intellectual status of a higher order and a fund of information more comprehensive than were ever required in our previous history; and when we consider the relation of our rural people to the maintenance of our political life and institutions, this fact appears to be of great significance.

I shall center my thought around three questions: 1. What should the institutes seek to accomplish? 2. What are the necessary qualifications of an institute speaker? 3. What relation should college and station men bear to institute work?

1. Probably most persons would be satisfied to define the proper work of farmers' institutes to be the imparting of information in a way so plain and simple that it shall be understood by the mass of agriculturists. Observation shows that this is what is expected by many, if not by all institute audiences, and it is not an unnatural or improper expectation. Moreover, there is a tendency on the part of farmers to favor discussions that deal almost wholly with the last or commercial end of farming operations. Boiled down to a single statement, we may declare that the popular demand is for plain information in the art of money-making on the farm. We are not surprised at this demand, because farm profits have sometimes more discouragingly small. Institute speakers have recognized the popular desire and have catered to it. Such subjects as "Business Farming," "Dairying for Profit," and "Money in the Hen," have appeared frequently on institute programmes, and the speaker who can suggest an apparently reasonable

## method for diminishing the cost of production, or increasing the market price of a certain commodity, is guaranteed a warm welcome. Do not misunderstand me when I express the opinion that this is the least useful part of farmers' institute instruction. Some discussion of this character may be necessary as a matter of policy, but it should be the smaller part. My main reason for this opinion is that institute instruction should be educational; it should tend to develop a higher intellectual and moral standard among the rural people, and no effort is so inefficient in this direction as that which deals with the small details of farm practice, or with operations of a purely business or commercial character. How much time has been wasted in vainly trying to answer such questions as whether cows should be fed twice or three times daily, whether manure should be spread broadcast or plowed in, whether grain-growing is more profitable than dairying, or whether the Holstein or the Jersey is the better cow!

I have many times made the statement that agriculture will progress as an art only as fast as the agriculturist develops as a man, and I have simply repeated a truism. Man's intellect constitutes the moving and guiding energy in every art, and facts are simply the warp and woof of a business policy. Facts and principles are impotent. They are dead things only to be used or set in motion by man's mentality. Knowledge is not doing, and information is not judgment. Knowledge is said to be power, but I would rather say that it is the instrument of intellectual power. I mean by intellectual power, the ability to place facts in their right relation, to divide between the true and the false, and to distinguish between cause and effect. It is too much to expect that institute instruction shall aid in developing this power? I think not.

It seems to me to be entirely possible so to present to a popular audience knowledge of a certain character that it shall inspire independent thinking and sharpen the judgment. In order that this end may be attained, institute instruction should largely consist of the illumination of practice through the logical display of fundamental facts and principles. These facts and principles may be those pertaining to the sciences, to business management or to political economy; the point is, they should be of general application. There is little educational value in telling an audience just how you built a barn, but it is benefited by an understanding of the principles of hygiene and ventilation; it matters little whether your neighbor knows the exact programme of your day's feeding, but it is important for him to be able to classify feeding stuffs according to their composition; and though the mechanics of the dairy may be important, the hidden chemical and bacteriological influences which surround and invade milk have in the understanding of them greatly more hope for the farmer's intellect and practice. No two men should build a barn alike, perhaps; copying another man's ration may be poor economy, and each man's dairy presents its peculiarities and problems. In all these places the empiricisms of practice are powerless to help, and only an insight into underlying causes offers the safe road to a mastery of the situation. The chief fact is that the acquisition of a knowledge of these fundamental truths, set in a logical sequence and relation, has in it educational value of the highest order, whether it be gained from the school, experiment station bulletin or institute platform.

Do I mean to say that business considerations should never be presented? By no means. But if they are discussed, they should be displayed logically and as related to a well defined policy or system of procedure. The sporadic success of one individual under a peculiar environment or in the midst of special business opportunities may mean but little to other farmers. In fact it is often possible to push to the front a case of unusual profits to the detriment of farmers not situated so as to undertake successfully a similar enterprise. Money making is generally due to business genius or to conditions that make it easily possible. We have been too ready to set one practice or one business over against another, and have erred in not holding closer to a discussion of the great principles upon which rest the feet of all tillers of the soil. Farmers need most of all to be able to think for themselves, and the institutes should aid them to do this.

2. After all, the character of institute work is determined by the institute worker; and I now come to the second division of my subject, viz.: What are the necessary qualifications of an institute speaker?

If I were not in the presence of a body of men so experienced and successful as speakers of the class named, I might well hesitate to enter upon a frank discussion of this question. Let me assure you that I estimate at a high value the past influence of farmers' institutes. These meetings have served as a mental stimulus to hundreds of rural communities, besides being the forerunners of improved practice in many directions. They have exhibited faults, which was to be expected, but they have been an important element in agricultural progress. Whatever success they have attained, however, has been the outcome, primarily, of the fitness of some men to be platform teachers.

3. I must confess to you I am especially interested in the third and last question which I have proposed—What relation should college and station men bear to institute work?

It has been my privilege to call attention to this problem on several occasions during the last two years, and I realize that I am likely to be accused of riding a hobby. Nevertheless I shall continue to make bold my utterances along this line, because, in my opinion, the time has come when a widespread popular misapprehension concerning the important function of the agricultural pedagogic and investigator should in some way be corrected. Teachers in the agricultural colleges and experiment station workers often stand in the anomalous position of being elected to do a work which should employ all their physical and mental energy, and of being asked, under strong pressure, to expend at the same time an appalling amount of effort in public addresses before bodies of farmers. The general public has no adequate realization of the significance of this statement. Even institute men may sometimes have their eyes so fixed upon the matter of public good will that they become rather unjudicial in their estimates of the relative value of the several lines of work. It certainly appears this way at times.

Do not suppose that I am now arguing for the superior value or need of any one effort. The hearing ear is as useful as the seeing eye. The teacher of truth is serving his generation on as high a plane as the discoverer of truth. Both are needed, and one is essential to the work of the other. Granting all this, I wish to urge upon you the existing great need of a closer study of the fundamentals of applied science. Safe progress is today blocked in some directions because we really know so little. Take for instance the question of the influence of foods and other conditions upon the composition and quality of dairy products. This whole subject, so far as it is displayed in literature or exists in the public mind, is in a chaotic condition. The same is true of plant nutrition problems. Our institute effort is suffering greatly more from a lack of platform ability. There are many weak joints in the armor of truth, and the experiment station has as load a call to strengthen these as the teacher has to promote the spread of what we already know.

If you have doubts as to the great need for research, go with me into a comprehensive scientific library and look up with me all that has been recorded concerning some of the many questions of science important to agriculture and see for yourself the weakness of the evidence at many points; and you will confess, I am sure, that the sum of human knowledge is still pitifully small.

My suggestion to you, gentlemen, is to encourage the development of institute speakers who shall give their entire time to this work, and who shall receive such compensations as shall secure men of high order of ability and preparation. If necessary, concentrate your money on fewer men and then do what would not be unwise, consider fewer subjects at a single institute. Why not organize a bureau of institute workers who shall receive stated salaries, the expense of whom shall be pooled by the several States which need their services? This would give to the work a dignity and permanence that would be a stimulus to careful preparation for this field as a life's calling.



## AGRICULTURAL

—Alonso Barker, New Vineyard, has a lamb of which some of the sheep fanciers might well be proud. Although but eight months old some of its wool measures nine and one-half inches in length.

—The farmers of Oxford county, have arranged to hold their fifty-fifth annual fair at the grounds at South Paris, Sept. 19-21.

—Mr. J. W. Nickerson, Swanville, has a fine pair of cattle which took first premium at the Monroe fair last fall. They give 7 ft. 4 in. He has a herd of fine Jersey cows from which he ships about 40 lbs. of handsome butter to Massachusetts every few days.

—W. L. Gordon, of the firm of F. J. Gerry & Co., went to Belfast, Wednesday, where he will commence making arrangements for the establishment of a branch of their creamery business.

—Industry is coming to be one of the good stock towns of the State as the following will show: E. R. Furbush has a nice pair of 4-year-old Hereford oxen 6 ft. 10 or 11 in., bought in Cornwall. They are heavy built fellows; H. G. Jennings has a good pair of steers, one year old this spring, that took second prize for matched at the county fair; A. B. Jennings has a number of pairs of steers. His Herefords, one year old this spring, are said to be about the best pair anybody in the section has of the age; J. S. Dyer has sold a nice flock of grade Shropshire sheep to a good price. Mr. Dyer has bought recently 2 full blood 3-year-old Jersey heifers; C. H. Furbush has a pair of brocked-faced 2-year-old steers, which he has raised from calves. They are a good, heavy pair and could have been sold for a good price. Levi Mosher is wintering 4 young steers, and Eugene Luce has also 2 pairs of steer calves. From the barns of these gentlemen have come some of the finest steers which have taken the prizes at New England and State fairs in the past three years. It is not likely they will exhibit the coming year, as they sold out all their prize winners last year.

—It was a very handsome yoke of Hereford oxen Mr. Benj. Manter of New Sharon, drove up Main street, Farmington, Saturday. The pair weighed 3,520 lbs., were 6 years old and girthed 7 ft. 5 in. Mr. Manter sold them to Leonard Morrison of West Farmington, for 4½ cents per pound, live weight, or \$158.40.

—Application has been made for insurance of \$50,000 on the famous young Jersey bull, Merry Maiden's Son, owned at Hood farm, Lowell, Mass. This is the highest insurance ever asked for on a bull or cow. Merry Maiden's Son is believed to be the most famous Jersey bull living, as he is the son of Merry Maiden, the champion sweepstakes cow in all three tests combined at the World's Fair, and his sire is Brown Beattie's Son, whose dam won the 90 days' and 30 days' tests at the World's Fair. Thus Merry Maiden's Son unites the blood of these two famous cows, and great results are expected from his progeny.

—Herman Castner, proprietor of the West End Hotel, Portland, has purchased a farm on Westbrook street, Stroudwater, which he is fitting up as a stock farm, probably with the view to making milk and cream for use at his popular hotel.

—Who can beat this? Mr. Frank Roberts, Wayne, bought a ewe sheep a year ago last February. This ewe brought him three lambs which she brought up last summer. The flock has now multiplied to ten sheep and lambs, all thrifty, lively and fat.

—Farmers and others who would like to see fine cattle should call at the farm of Mr. Herbert Black, No. Seaport. He has thirty head of cattle and all but five head are Herefords, with white faces. He has one yoke of Durham oxen which girth eight feet, a yoke of Holstein oxen which girth 7½ feet, and two yokes of Hereford steers, three years old, that girth over seven feet. He also keeps a span of large gray horses, and nearly 100 sheep.

—Every man interested in making and selling pure butter should write at once to F. W. Culbertson, buttermaker, Monmouth Creamery, Monmouth, Me., and get information how to move unitedly and understandingly.

—Charles Alvin Chase, Carmel, has 12 good ewes which have brought him 10 lambs, one pair of twins weighed 19 lbs. the first day, one 16 and another 14½ the first week. Pretty good stock that.

—A. D. Horn, Farmington, noticed an item in the Chronicle concerning production of ewes; and he says "I have sheep discount those you speak of. I have fifteen ewes and they have given birth to thirty lambs." Next!

—A. C. Brackley, Phillips, one of our young farmers, is having great success raising lambs, already having quite a number weighing 35 pounds. Out of 27 sheep to raise lambs 37 have been born, 32 of which are living and growing finely.

—The Libby Bros., Waterville, have their sheep separated in different pens for lambing. One pen contains a small flock of thoroughbred Hampshire Down sheep which are in pens each breed by itself, also a pen of South Down sheep that should not go unmentioned; and last but not least a pen of lambs from Aroostook

county. At the head of the flock stands the thoroughbred Cotswold buck, "Pride Bun."

—Mr. Israel Woodbury, Morrill, went to Embury last week and bought a fine young thoroughbred Hereford from the herd of A. J. Libby. He is 16 months old. Mr. Woodbury bought him for his son A. J. Woodbury.

—Harry Q. New Sharon, bought of Henry Parlin a yoke of yearling Hereford steers, girth 5 ft. 6 in., a nice pair; the price paid he keeps in the top of his hat.

—Eugene Fletcher, proprietor of the "Great Farm" in Jackson, has hauled from his farm to Brooks, during the past winter, one hundred and ninety-three tons of hay.

—Lemuel Collins of Bath is one of the champion bee raisers in Maine. Last year he had a dozen hives and secured 500 pounds of honey. He got 150 pounds out of a single hive and this year he has 30 hives and says he intends to make a dollar from them. He leaves about 17 pounds of honey in a hive for the bees to live upon during the winter.

—Mr. Collins says that there is good money in raising bees, but that the reason why more people do not engage in the business is because they are afraid of the insects.

—William Dunning, Topsham, has a flock of 23 lambs from 13 sheep.

—M. F. Pease, Wilmamatic, has had 34 lambs from 24 sheep and only lost two, those of two twins. Who can give a better record? We like to hear of good success with raising stock as it encourages others to efforts for like results.

—Libby Bros., Corinna, have purchased a fine specimen of a Jersey of A. J. Blaisdell. She is a striking looking animal, could please any dairyman to view, a perfect type of a butter cow. The Libby Bros. now have a registered Jersey bull, one year old next August. They are so pleased with this breed that in the near future they will undoubtedly substitute their grade Durhams and grade Holsteins with the butter-producing race of cattle.

—One day last week four ewes owned by William G. Heselton, Skowhegan, dropped eight lambs, one of which weighed 10½ lbs.

—The coming season is going to be the most lively one which has been seen for a long time at the track of the East Somerset Agricultural Society in Hartland, and races will be held there during the whole season, as they used to be years ago. As soon as the ground gets in condition for it, a crew of men will be put at work on the track, which will be put in perfect condition.

—Probably the oldest race of sheep in the Heath sheep now kept in some parts of Europe and near the Asiatic borders, on the sparsely furnished heath lands which are not amenable to the culture of the farmer. This is now believed to be the descendant of the first sheep kept by mankind, and it is so closely allied to the ancient wild sheep of Sardinia (the Mouflon) described by Stewart in his recently published "Domestic Sheep," that this descent can scarcely be doubted by any intelligent naturalist.

—This so-called Heath sheep is much like the coarse woolled black Highland sheep. It has long, coarse wool and strong wrinkled horns. Its short tail, however, is clearly inherited from its original ancestor. The flesh of this sheep is well flavored, tender and juicy and is highly estimated by those travelers who have eaten it in its native home.

—Another interesting race is the Cameroun sheep of western Africa. This sheep has no wool. This seems to be a foregone conclusion from its history, for where it exists in the torrid climate of equatorial Africa, wool or indeed any other clothing material, was and is wholly useless to the naked savage tribes who use to possess that part of the world. This little sheep is held in red spotted on a white ground color. Some of them are wholly white and some wholly black. This sheep has a sort of mane on the neck, which we cannot doubt is an inheritance from the wild sheep of which it is a lineal descendant.

—Shearing operations will soon begin in the West and a very large crop of wool is anticipated. More sheep will be disbursed this year by machine process than ever before, partly because it is more rapid and generally cheaper. Professional shearers are demanding higher figures, and where machines are not available flockmasters are obliged to yield. Shearers have taken this stand because they feel that with good prices for both wool and mutton the sheep-raiser can afford to be more liberal. At a meeting of the Central Wyoming Wool-growers' Association last week it was decided to pay shearers at the rate of eight cents per head, the men to board themselves. This is a top price and is stated to be the highest paid in the country. Wranglers, ally men and sackers will be paid \$2.50 per day.—Drovers' Journal.

—Too much dry food is not best for the ewes; give them a variety; embodying a vegetable diet. This is just the period of the year when they should be given a daily morning ration of roots, sliced up and plentifully sprinkled with meal or bran. Turnips and beets are especially valuable, greatly facilitating the generation and flow of milk, keeping the digestive organs in a healthy state and adding strength to the future flock.

—It is an old but true adage that lost time is never regained. This applies in the most forcible manner to the care of a flock. Lost opportunity is gone irrevocably. Hence the flock should be kept up to a high standard at all times.

—One reason for the English supremacy in mutton growing is that there the lambs and sheep are fed always upon the best the land affords, and are not confined to short pastures and stubble fields.

## PARSONS PILLS

Best Liver Pill Made  
Positively cures all diseases of the liver and bowels. It is a safe, reliable, and powerful medicine. Price 25 cents; five 81. Pamphlet free. J. S. Johnson & Co., 25 Custom House St., Boston.

## JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Originated in 1810, by the late Dr. A. Johnson, of Bristol, R.I. It is a safe, reliable, and powerful medicine. Price 25 cents; five 81. Pamphlet free. J. S. Johnson & Co., 25 Custom House St., Boston.

## FRUIT NOTES.

One of the results to be gained by reducing the head of a tree or cutting back the limbs when it is transplanted is that it will afford less surface to catch the wind, and the tree will not be blown about or bent over before the roots get well established in the soil. In a large proportion of apple orchards, either young or old, one can tell at a glance the direction from which come the most prevalent high winds, as all the trees lean away from it. It is almost impossible to entirely prevent this where there is no hill nor wood to act as a windbreak to protect them, but by planting them leaning a little toward the windy point, and keeping the tops well pruned, the trouble can be lessened so that it will not amount to a deformity in the orchard.

When the new growth starts the branches will be thicker, and by a little care in pruning, or, better still, in rubbing off buds as they start, the shape of the tree can be made almost what it is desired to be, although it is not well to try to force it far out of its most natural form. An upright grower should still be upright, and a low, spreading tree should not be made to take the upright form. But they can be controlled so as not to be exaggerated specimens of their own type.

Two things should be always borne in mind when pruning or shaping the top of a tree, the convenience of spraying and of picking the fruit. Spraying properly at the proper times has become or will soon become an absolute necessity in our apple orchards, as those who do not practice it will find their fruit so much inferior to that offered by those who do spray as to be almost unmerchantable in the years of plenty. If it increases the production of good fruit so as to reduce prices, it may be more to the benefit of the consumer than of the producer, but with better fruit and more care in sorting, handling and packing, the European demand will increase more rapidly than our average production increases for many years to come, while lower prices would stimulate and increase the demand in the home market.

—The sterility of fruits.

So many of our fruit trees fail to produce blossoms that set fruit that it is becoming quite essential to find out the cause and remedy if possible. We have heretofore attributed the cause chiefly to the climate. Bad weather at the time the blossoms open has been blamed for the most of the trouble that the grower probably had little to do with. We are just beginning to realize that it is the lack of proper pollenization of the flowers that causes much of this lack of proper fruit setting. So many of our fruit blossoms have defective pistils that it is impossible for them to produce fruit, and on some varieties the pollen is held in such small quantities that it is impossible to scatter it over the pistils that need it.

Our plums and pears have fewer well-developed pistils than most other fruits. As a rule there are plenty of these trees that yield flowers with an abundance of pollen, but comparatively few with perfectly developed pistils. What we need to-day is for the nurseryman to select varieties which are noted for perfect pistils. Such varieties could be obtained with a little care of selection and breeding. Some nurserymen have made fair experiments in this direction, and we may hope for better things in the near future.

But meanwhile we must use many self-sterile fruit trees,—trees which produce flowers that can not fructify each other because of a difference in the time of the perfection of the two sexes. Our protection seems to be to trust to mixed varieties in the same orchard more than to a single variety. Where several varieties of pear or plum trees are set alternately in rows, there is less likelihood of a total commercial loss one season than if only a single variety was planted. Both the Bartlett and Kieffer trees are often self-sterile. Of our plums, both the Wild Geese and the Satsuma are so sterile that they really do well without the introduction of foreign pollen. The apple, peach, cherry and quince are rarely self-sterile. But in all cases bees in the orchard are of the greatest importance for carrying the pollen.—S. W. Chambers in Mass. Ploverman.

A Maine grower makes a good point when he states that one of the most important of all steps is to procure seeds that are warranted. A seedman who is not willing to warrant his seed does not deserve patronage and probably does not know whether the seed is one year old or twenty. In order to have success the first thing is to procure good seed.

—A Boys' Fox-Yard' is the odd title of a three-part story which Charles Adams has written for the April 13th, 20th and 27th issues of The Youth's Companion. It tells how two country boys, who sold the pelt of a silver fox for \$100, conceived the idea of raising foxes for market. The results of the experiment will interest every reader, young and old.

—DRINK GRAIN-O  
after you have concluded that you ought not to drink coffee, it is not a medicine, but doctors order it, because it is healthy, invigorating and appetizing. It is made from pure grains and has that rich, brown color and taste like the finest grades of coffee and costs about 4¢ as much. Children like it and thrive on it because it is a genuine food drink, containing nothing but nourishment. Ask your grocer for Grain-O, the new food drink. 15 and 25c.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

President Harper, of the University of Chicago, makes this month's contribution to the discussion of the educational question which The Cosmopolitan magazine has been conducting during the past two years. The Cosmopolitan's title, "Modern College Education—Does it Educate in the Broadest and Most Liberal Sense of the Term?" is not used as President Harper's theme. He confines himself rather to the consideration of the relations which universities bear to our republic and to the people. President Harper is one of the men who seem to desire to take broad and liberal views of the subject of education.

"The Story of the Captains" in the May Century will mark the climax of that magazine's Spanish War series, giving, as it does, an account by every American commanding officer but one, of the part played by his ship in the famous fight off Santiago, that resulted in the annihilation of Cervera's fleet. The text of this novel group of first hand accounts of one of the most remarkable naval battles ever fought is profusely illustrated with portraits, drawings and photographs, the latter from snapshots made from each one of the ships during the progress of the fight.

The complete novel in the April issue of Lippincott's is "The House of Pan," a romance of the eighteenth century, by Marie Roberson Brown. The reader's interest is sustained throughout by the thrilling adventures of a young French girl and the American hero, valiant and true. "Confessions of a Butcher," by William S. Walsh, has entertaining reminiscences of the author's experiences in a publishing house. Frank A. Burr's article on "The Men who Impached Andrew Johnson" is especially good reading at this time. In "A Question of Precedence," by Henry Holcomb Bennett, we have a vivid war story. Frederick H. Dewey tells us "How an Earthquake Looks and Feels;" while other interesting and instructive papers are "An Ignoble Nobleman," by Charles Morris, dealing with the Duke of Buckingham, "Legends of Lost Mines," by Mary E. Stickney, and "Over, Under, and Through Boston," an accurate and entertaining account of the new subway, by George J. Varney.

REUB HAYSEED. "Gosh all hemlock, Si, ye should a told yer ole father if ye be so pore as this."

COLLEGE SON. "Why, what's the matter, pa?"

REUB HAYSEED. "Can't yer buy no collars that yer wear a cuff around yer neck?"—New York World.

IF THE BABY IS CUTTING TEETH, be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the mother's breasts, cures colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A woman never really knows the meaning of happiness and content until she is the mother of a healthy, happy child. The health of the child depends on the health of the mother, both before and after birth. Most all of women's weakness and particularly the weakness that most strongly influences the health of children, comes from some derangement or disease of the distinctly feminine system. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure all troubles of this nature. It should be taken regularly by every woman during the entire period of gestation. It gives strength to all the organs involved, lessens the pain of childbirth, and insures the health of both mother and child.

Send 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing only, and receive free a copy of Dr. Pierce's Medical Advice. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I see," said Mr. Cornsness, "by this paper, that in this present fight Admiral Dewey did splendid execution on the enemy's flank."

"Well," answered his wife, "I'm down-right glad to hear it. That young Aguinaldo has needed a spanking' this long time."

"I could tell you an amusing incident about my visit to the British Museum," said the friend who traveled to England, "but I don't want to say 'which you are welcome to publish if you don't use my name.'"

"The British Museum," coldly replied the editor of the Boonville Telegraph, "has never sent me any complimentary notices, so far as I can remember, and it isn't going to get any free advertising in this paper."—Chicago Tribune.

A market gardener of West Springfield read a paper before the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture in which this passage occurs: "For an ideal market garden I would choose a location having a variety of soils and varied exposure. For early crops I seek a southern aspect protected on the north and west by bluffs, buildings, trees, or at least by tight board fences. For most vegetable crops I prefer a lightish loam having a little sand in its composition. We can work land of this description earlier; if, perchance, worked when too moist it partially or wholly recovers from the ill effects; it responds quickly to high manuring, and is well adapted to the cultivation of small crops by improved garden tools. It is estimated that an acre of grain contains 140 lbs. of ash elements, while the weight of a foot of surface soil is nearly four million pounds. The question then reverts; in how concentrated a form ought we to give these fertilizing elements to the plants? I firmly believe that the friend who reads this paper, the bulky stable manure is the more efficient and therefore the cheaper fertilizer. Stable manures furnish the proper elements of plant food, and in a manner and proportion suited to plant growth. In their decomposition they render available to the plants some of the latent plant food of the soil. The mechanical condition of the soil is much improved by their use. Sun and atmosphere work much more readily in giving their aid to the growing crops. An abundance of manure will often make a soil that is cold and unresponsive, a very choice one for slowly maturing crops."

Beware of Outcrops for Calatrà that contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of sound and your concentration of mind when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It cures Catarrh of the Nose and Throat, and is sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Mr. A. H. Drake of East Brookfield, Mass., in sending a photograph of his potato field writes that it was a piece of sod with a light dressing ploughed in and Bowker's Stockbridge Potato Manure sown in the furrows. The estimated yield was 250 bushels per acre.

Write for our latest illustrated Catalogue. VERMONT FARM MACHINE COMPANY, Bellows Falls, Vt.

THE IMPROVED U. S. SEPARATOR. It gives me pleasure to say that the dairy machinery bought of your company two years ago, the Improved U. S. Separator and a Pony Power, is working well and giving entire satisfaction.

The Improved U. S. Separator is doing all and even more than was claimed by your agent. The separator is perfect. It runs easily, without noise, and is easy to manage and care for. Of all the separators placed upon the market, the Improved U. S. is in the opinion of W. M. PIERCE, President of the Dairyman's Ass'n., the best.

Write for our latest illustrated Catalogue. VERMONT FARM MACHINE COMPANY, Bellows Falls, Vt.

## Married.

In Ashland, March 23, Henry House to Miss L. West.

In Bangor, March 20, Charles C. Musgrove to Miss Christina Stewart.

In Bar Harbor, April 3, Daniel M. Gray to Miss Helen M. Osgood.

In Bethel, March 20, Charles W. Home of West Bethel, to Miss Lillian Morrill of Bethel.

In Calais, March 25, Harold S. Gregory of St. Stephen, to Miss A. Ellen Harris of Calais.

In Calais, March 25, Harold S. Gregory of St. Stephen, to Miss A. Ellen Harris of Calais.

In Calais, March 25, Harold S. Gregory of St. Stephen, to Miss A. Ellen Harris of Calais.

In Calais, March 25, Harold S. Gregory of St. Stephen, to Miss A. Ellen Harris of Calais.

In Calais, March 25, Harold S. Gregory of St. Stephen, to Miss A. Ellen Harris of Calais.

In Calais, March 25, Harold S. Gregory of St. Stephen, to Miss A. Ellen Harris of Calais.

In Calais, March 25, Harold S. Gregory of St. Stephen, to Miss A. Ellen Harris of Calais.

In Calais, March 25, Harold S. Gregory of St. Stephen, to Miss A. Ellen Harris of Calais.

In Calais, March 25, Harold S. Gregory of St. Stephen, to Miss A. Ellen Harris of Calais.

In Calais, March 25, Harold S. Gregory of St. Stephen, to Miss A. Ellen Harris of Calais.

In Calais, March 25, Harold S. Gregory of St. Stephen, to Miss A. Ellen Harris of Calais.

In Calais, March 25, Harold S. Gregory of St. Stephen, to Miss A. Ellen Harris of Calais.

In Calais, March 25, Harold S. Gregory of St. Stephen, to Miss A. Ellen Harris of Calais.

In Calais, March 25, Harold S. Gregory of St. Stephen, to Miss A. Ellen Harris of Calais.

In Calais, March 25, Harold S. Gregory of St. Stephen, to Miss A. Ellen Harris of Calais.

In Calais, March 25, Harold S. Gregory of St. Stephen, to Miss A. Ellen Harris of Calais.

In Calais, March 25, Harold S. Gregory of St. Stephen, to Miss A. Ellen Harris of Calais.

## Some Facts About A Cream Separator

(Saves Endless Work.)  
Vinton, Iowa, Jan. 10, 1899.  
"About one year ago I purchased an 'Alpha' Baby No. 2, after giving it a thorough test, and finding that with the same quantity of milk we were able to produce 3 lbs. more butter per day than we were getting by the old method. This was with the milk from twelve cows. An satisfied our separator has paid for itself the first year, besides saving an endless amount of work. Mrs. Austin and her help in the house, in that there were a great many less pans, etc. to wash and keep clean. I feel that I cannot recommend the 'Alpha' Baby' too highly to any one in the dairy business."—S. B. AUSTIN.

(Big Difference in Results.)  
St. Mary's, O., June, 1898.  
"We have finished our test of the 'Alpha' separator. We made the test from 12 milk pails. The milk was milked and carefully divided. The half skimmed by the separator made 11 lbs. and 8 oz. of butter. The other half was set in crocks in the old way and very particular care taken of it. It made 8 lbs. and 12 oz. This is almost unbelievable, but my wife is willing to state the same under oath. We sell butter at 16c. to 20c. per lb., so that the separator will make us a net profit of 30c. a day over the old way. It will more than pay for itself inside of a year, with our seven cows. Calves and pigs are doing very well on the skim-milk."—W. NEDERMEER.

(Any Kind of Cream.)  
No. Grafton, Mass., 1898.  
"The Dairy Turnip 'Alpha' De Laval separator which I purchased in September, 1896, is giving perfect satisfaction. I have separated 100 lbs. of cream from 400 lbs. of milk every since. Some days the temperature of the milk is as low as 55 and 58 deg., but the samples of skim-milk show only from .01 to .02 of 1 per cent. butter-fat. There is no trace of making the cream of any desired thickness that I may wish, which is a great benefit to me, as I can supply cream at a price that my patrons desire. Had I purchased one of those machines several years ago, it would have saved me a good many hundreds of dollars."—L. DAVENPORT.

(De Laval Separator.)  
Webster City, Iowa, Jan. 19, 1899.  
"About one year ago I purchased a De Laval separator to which we had been handling milk shut down. Our product was about 400 lbs. of milk per day and we had very poor cream. After a few days we had a very good cream, and our butter was much better. I am sure that the separator will make us a net profit of 30c. a day over the old way. It will more than pay for itself inside of a year, with our seven cows. Calves and pigs are doing very well on the skim-milk."—W. NEDERMEER.

(De Laval Separator.)  
Webster City, Iowa, Jan. 19, 1899.  
"About one year ago I purchased a De Laval separator to which we had been handling milk shut down. Our product was about 400 lbs. of milk per day and we had very poor cream. After a few days we had a very good cream, and our butter was much better. I am sure that the separator will make us a net profit of 30c. a day over the old way. It will more than pay for itself inside of a year, with our seven cows. Calves and pigs are doing very well on the skim-milk."—W. NEDERMEER.

(De Laval Separator.)  
Webster City, Iowa, Jan. 19, 1899.  
"About one year ago I purchased a De Laval separator to which we had been handling milk shut down. Our product was about 400 lbs. of milk per day and we had very poor cream. After a few days we had a very good cream, and our butter was much better. I am sure that the separator will make us a net profit of 30c. a day over the old way. It will more than pay for itself inside of a year, with our seven cows. Calves and pigs are doing very well on the skim-milk."—W. NEDERMEER.

(De Laval Separator.)  
Webster City, Iowa, Jan. 19, 1899.  
"About one year ago I purchased a De Laval separator to which we had been handling milk shut down. Our product was about 400 lbs. of milk per day and we had very poor cream. After a few days we had a very good cream, and our butter was much better. I am sure that the separator will make us a net profit of 30c. a day over the old way. It will more than pay for itself inside of a year, with our seven cows. Calves and pigs are doing very well on the skim-milk."—W. NEDERMEER.

(De Laval Separator.)  
Webster City, Iowa, Jan. 19, 1899.  
"About one year ago I purchased a De Laval separator to which we had been handling milk shut down. Our product was about 400 lbs. of milk per day and we had very poor cream. After a few days we had a very good cream, and our butter was much better. I am sure that the separator will make us a net profit of 30c. a day over the old way. It will more than pay for itself inside of a year, with our seven cows. Calves and pigs are doing very well on the skim-milk."—W. NEDERMEER.

(De Laval Separator.)  
Webster City, Iowa, Jan. 19, 1899.  
"About one year ago I purchased a De Laval separator to which we had been handling milk shut down. Our product was about 400 lbs. of milk per day and we had very poor cream. After a few days we had a very good cream, and our butter was much better. I am sure that the separator will make us a net profit of 30c. a day over the old way. It will more than pay for itself inside of a year, with our seven cows. Calves and pigs are doing very well on the skim-milk."—W. NEDERMEER.

(De Laval Separator.)  
Webster City, Iowa, Jan. 19, 1899.  
"About one year ago I purchased a De Laval separator to which we had been handling milk shut down. Our product was about 400 lbs. of milk per day and we had very poor cream. After a few days we had a very good cream, and our butter was much better. I am sure that the separator will make us a net profit of 30c. a day over the old way. It will more than pay for itself inside of a year, with our seven cows. Calves and pigs are doing very well on the skim-milk."—W. NEDERMEER.

(De Laval Separator.)  
Webster City, Iowa, Jan. 19, 1899.  
"About one year ago I purchased a De Laval separator to which we had been handling milk shut down. Our product was about 400 lbs. of milk per day and we had very poor cream. After a few days we had a very good cream, and our butter was much better. I am sure that the separator will make us a net profit of 30c. a day over the old way. It will more than pay for itself inside of a year, with our seven cows. Calves and pigs are doing very well on the skim-milk."—W. NEDERMEER.

(De Laval Separator.)  
Webster City, Iowa, Jan. 19, 1899.  
"About one year ago I purchased a De Laval separator to which we had been handling milk shut down. Our product was about 400 lbs. of milk per day and we had very poor cream. After a few days we had a very good cream, and our butter was much better. I am sure that the separator will make us a net profit of 30c. a day over the old way. It will more than pay for itself inside of a year, with our seven cows. Calves and pigs are doing very well on the skim-milk."—W. NEDERMEER.

(De Laval Separator.)  
Webster City, Iowa, Jan. 19, 1899.  
"About one year ago I purchased a De Laval separator to which we had been handling milk shut down. Our product was about 400 lbs. of milk per day and we had very poor cream. After a few days we had a very good cream, and our butter was much better. I am sure that the separator will make us a net profit of 30c. a day over the old way. It will more than pay for itself inside of a year, with our seven cows. Calves and pigs are doing very well on the skim-milk."—W. NEDERMEER.

(De Laval Separator.)  
Webster City, Iowa, Jan. 19, 1899.  
"About one year ago I purchased a De Laval separator to which we had been handling milk shut down. Our product was about 400 lbs. of milk per day and we had very poor cream. After a few days we had a very good cream, and our butter was much better. I am sure that the separator will make us a net profit of 30c. a day over the old way. It will more than pay for itself inside of a year, with our seven cows. Calves and pigs are doing very well on the skim-milk."—W. NEDERMEER.

(De Laval Separator.)  
Webster City, Iowa, Jan. 19, 1899.  
"About one year ago I purchased a De Laval separator to which we had been handling milk shut down. Our product was about 400 lbs. of milk per day and we had very poor cream. After a few days we had a very good cream, and our butter was much better. I am sure that the separator will make us a net profit of 30c. a day over the old way. It will more







# Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

Published every Thursday, by  
The Maine Farmer Publishing Co.,  
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

JOSEPH H. MANLEY, Director.  
OSCAR HOLWAY, Director.  
JAMES S. SANBORN, Director.  
GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Director.

JOSEPH H. MANLEY, President.  
GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Editor and Manager.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1899.

ONLY AGRICULTURAL NEWSPAPER IN MAINE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:  
For one inch space, \$2.50 for four insertions and sixty cents for each subsequent insertion. Classified ads. one cent a word, each insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.  
Mr. T. Brooks Reed is calling on subscribers in Oxford county.  
Mr. F. S. Berry is calling upon subscribers in Cumberland County.  
Mr. E. S. Gifford is calling on subscribers in Kennebec county.

10,000 Weekly  
Circulation  
Guaranteed.

THE LIVE  
AGRICULTURAL  
NEWSPAPER  
OF THE EAST.

STATE OF MAINE.



## A FAST DAY PROCLAMATION.

By the advice and with the consent of the Executive Council, and also conforming to the time-honored custom, I do hereby designate

THURSDAY, THE 27th DAY OF APRIL,

In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, as a day of Fasting and Prayer,  
and I would respectfully request all the people of our State to use and occupy the day as shall be consistent with the purposes for which it has been set apart.

Given at the Executive Chamber, in Augusta, this seventeenth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and twenty-third.

LLEWELLYN POWERS.

By the Governor: BYRON BOYD, Secretary of State.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

An apology is due our readers for the badly damaged condition of the issue of April 13th, also for the delay in mailing. When the *Farmer* office was opened on Thursday morning—precisely day—it was found that a flood of water was pouring down from the upper story, wetting type, presses and paper stock. The damage caused has been heavy and while the office is now in full running order the working force have labored under great difficulties the past week.

This will furnish the explanation for the delay and also the very imperfect and unsatisfactory condition of the sheets when finally completed. One side having been printed in advance and the type distributed it became necessary to dry the sheets and complete the issue as best we could. It is the aim of the office, to use only the best material, to send out weekly a well made and attractive paper and we regret that we are forced to apologize for the appearance of the *Farmer* of April 13th.

Old newspapers soaked in sour milk are recommended as good food for hens. Those who are seeking for yellow yolks will know now where to get the coloring material.

The Mormon church is reported to have gained 83,000 in membership last year, exceeding all other churches in the success of its missionary work. If this be true there's opportunity for missionary work in our own country.

It is a serious charge which President Haven of the American Bible Society makes against our method of civilizing the Filipinos, when he declares that "over four hundred liquor saloons have been introduced in Manila, where there was none before." Rum and civilization can hardly be said to go hand in hand though the enterprise of the liquor interests is always unusually active.

To an outsider it looks as though in defeating the ever faithful Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, Mr. Geo. E. Brackett, Belfast, some bad politics crept in. The order will never have a more earnest, devoted or faithful servant, and his experience should, we think, have been retained. It looks as though there was a scramble for the loaves and fishes, if so the order suffers.

Our agricultural workers are preparing for good work the coming season. The State Pomological society announces a Pomological school at Greene, May 9, with Prof. Cook to speak on "Orcharding," Mr. C. S. Pope on "The Fruit Garden," and Prof. Munson on "Spraying." Work will be done in the orchards near the granite hall. The Board of Agriculture announces a Field Day at Manchester with dairy tests and addresses, early in the season. These should be fruitful seasons.

The promise for a good hay crop in Maine seems to be the universal opinion of the farmers who watch the conditions. As the snow gradually melts from the fields and pastures the indications ap-

pear unusually favorable. The snow came before the ground froze, and has remained protecting the tender roots from all harm from the freezing winter temperature. No evidence of winter killing is yet reported. If with this there can go a bountiful harvest of fruit the prospect for Maine farms will be bright.

The *Farmer* is always pleased to receive a call from that grand old man of Maine, Hon. J. W. Bradbury, for his presence brings kindly greetings and a word of hearty cheer. On the occasion of his last call, he said: "I want to express my hearty endorsement of your editorial upon agriculture and agricultural education, also the strong position you take upon the quality of the farm life and homes. The *Maine Farmer* should be in the hands of every thoughtful, reading man in the State. It takes a strong, clear, high position on all these questions and is to be commended."

Far more than any political significance is involved in the charges made against Hon. Charles A. Boutelle by the *New York Herald*, regarding the Fitchburg railroad matter. Those who know the man, even those most bitterly opposed to him politically, have never had the slightest cause to doubt his honor nor question his integrity, and both are here involved. The *Bangor Commercial*, a pronounced democratic paper, makes the strongest defense possible when it concludes a lengthy review of the charges by saying, "No man in the 4th district in eastern Maine or in the entire State will take any stock in the grave implications of dishonest action and the violation of public honor and integrity made by the *New York Herald* against the character of Charles A. Boutelle." If there is one claim which the citizens of Maine can justly make for its public servants it is that they are honorable men, and when that honor is assailed, no matter what the motive, the whole State is involved.

The *Mexican Press* pays the following compliment to an honored citizen of Maine who is spending some time visiting the scenes of interest in that old country. We clip the following from the *Mexican Herald*:

Mexico is glad to see the Hon. Joseph H. Manley of Maine, one of the most distinguished members of the republican party, and a republican who knows why he is one. Manley by name and nature, and hard-hitting as a politician, manager, he is respected by his democratic opponents. It is of moment to Mexico that men of the prominence of Mr. Manley come here to see with their own eyes what Modern Mexico is, what are her great projects, and what her new and inspiring ambitions. It is a far cry from this land of the orange and the palm to the land of the tall pine-trees and the surrounding coasts of Maine, but new links of regard and sympathy are being forged by the frequent visits of travelers from that distant State.

There is talk of christianizing the semi-savages in foreign lands, but it looks as though there was need of a little more activity nearer home as will be seen from the testimony of one of the colored postmasters of Lake City, S. C., simply because he would not resign, his color being objected to by the whites. This man said "At 11 P. M. about a dozen of us met at the store and outlined our work. We went to a store near by and got a sack of dry shavings and two gallons of oil, and then went quietly to the office where Baker and his family slept. Two of us left the crowd in the woods ten yards from the house, with every man armed with a rifle or shotgun. When we stepped up to the building Lee put down the shavings, poured on the oil and then dashed a bucket of oil on the side of the house. One match was struck by Lee, but it went out; then another was applied, and in a moment a sheet of fire covered the building. We ran off. We heard the cries of the women and children in the house. Presently the mob began firing, and more screams came from the house. When the women were finally driven out they were fired on, and members of the mob pursued them far into the woods. After the fire was out we all gathered at a Baptist church, promised to keep the affair quiet, so far as it concerned ourselves, and went home."

## "NOT AN OPEN BAR IN MAINE."

During a joint debate in Lewiston last week between Dr. Edward Everett of Massachusetts and Rev. A. J. Wheeler of Lewiston, upon the question of prohibition, Mr. Wheeler made the following emphatic statement:

"I say that the open sale of liquor in the State of Maine is a most important factor. There is not an open bar in the State of Maine."

Just what the reverend gentleman meant it is not easy to understand. In Kennebec county at the last term of court one hundred and sixteen indictments were found against liquor sellers. Either these were justified by the facts or they were not. If they were then these parties have been guilty of selling intoxicating liquors, and if not then the grand majority of this one hundred and sixteen should at once be placed under guardianship, and their property protected for the benefit of their families, for they have quietly walked up to the office and paid one hundred and fifty dollars each and costs. What is true in Kennebec is true to the same or a greater extent in every county in the State. Here is proof positive that the liquor is sold, and that it is freely sold may be proven by the fact that these same parties are walking up and settling their fines every year or once in six months. If Mr. Wheeler proposes to hide behind the statement that liquor is not sold as groceries and dry goods are and that the counters, windows and shelves do not publicly show the quality of the goods kept within, his charge is simply a subterfuge. Liquor is sold openly, bars are run wide open in the State of Maine, and this attempt to deny a fact and hide a truth is doing positive injury to the work of reform.

The good Book says that "He that buildeth a tower first setteth down and counteth the cost thereof," so he that would compass and check this accursed evil

must first realize the fact that the evil exists, appreciate its enormity and its effect upon the public health and morals. Statements like the one quoted are a positive injury to the morals of the young and create in their minds doubt and distrust of all law. The State of Maine is suffering from the drink habit, beyond any possible computation. The record of crimes committed during the past year, nearly every one of which has been the outcome of a drunken brawl or committed while the fire was on the brain, is a foul blot upon our good name. Murderers or attempted murderers have been coming with startling frequency, yet rum has been at the bottom, or the prime cause of almost every one. This nervous by its stimulating influence this story would not be read and these charges would not stand against the State of Maine.

Beyond this there is the fact that public officials have come to look upon the revenue to be derived from the liquor seller, in the form of fines for violating the law, as so much to be added to the income of the county and to that extent relief to the taxpayer. Thus the desire to increase the sum total of these fines leads to an extension of the business and greater freedom to the liquor seller. Instead of checking, the present system of accepting fines, establishes practically a low license system and encourages the business. Looked at from any standpoint this is all wrong. Liquor selling, if illegal, is not to be condoned by fines and if allowed surely should be under the most exacting and rigid requirements. This shutting our eyes and denying its existence, simply because we will not see its bold announcements are severely to be condemned. The traffic will never be checked by ignoring and surely not by denying its existence. It is here, there, everywhere, and must be met not by the blind who will not see, but by those who realize the enormity of the evil and would seek to blot it out. If these terrible crimes now being so frequently committed are to be checked, the first and most important step is to protect the public against that which "steals away the brains" and makes the man a brute. Winslow, Chelsea, Bangor and many other towns cry out against this apathy and indifference and worse than all this denial of the presence of that which is so sure to bring disaster to the individual and the community.

## BRUTAL MURDERS IN KENNEBEC CO.

Rum Did It!  
The reputation which the State of Maine is fast gaining is one to which the order-loving citizen can never point with pride, and worse than all, the story of crime being repeated in so many localities, is so interwoven with the rum traffic that the cause for these terrible acts may readily be found. Aroused as the public mind is in regard to the outward act which destroys life it is dulled and inactive regarding the motive power, rum. This latest crime leaves a dark blot on Kennebec county. The story is that a failure to receive an invitation to a christening resulted in a drunken row, Saturday night at Winslow, during which Louis Brassau and Andrew Roseby received knife wounds in the abdomen from which Brassau died on Monday and Roseby can live but a few hours. Frank and Joseph Quirion are under arrest, the former charged with being a principal, and the latter as a very important witness in the affair.

## ANOTHER BLOW AT THE FARM.

With much show of logic and some slight threads of evidence a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April makes a most unwarrantable and unjustifiable attack on the rural sections of New England. Estimating the whole by a single village and drawing conclusions from census reports this writer raises the question as to the future and boldly declares that "its moral and social ruin is inevitable." Following the charge of moral degeneracy made by the Governor of New Hampshire, and considered at length in our last issue, the effect of this attack should be to arouse not merely indignation but opposition. It is true that through a combination of circumstances, some easily recognized, others obscure, the population of the rural section has more largely been drawn to the centres than formerly. This is inevitable as towns increase and manufacturing industries spring up. At the same time there is remaining in these same rural sections all over New England a type of men and women, older and younger, who are, and will be, the strength of the counties and States, the country and city.

The picture drawn of one town in Massachusetts is so superficial and distorted that its falsity may easily be shown. He says: "If you would see country life at its worst, pray visit the Belchertown cattle show. There you may mingle with as wicked a throng of human creatures as ever congregated in Whitechapel or Bellevue or Five Points. French Canadians? "Polanders?" Foreigners of any breed or birth whatsoever? Not they! That loathsome rabble—gathered from 200 decadent hill towns—are they not, every soul of them, descended from the Puritans? Their pre-Revolutionary blood is as good as your own. The upland has reduced them to barbarism; they do but bespeak the future of rural New England."

The building up of industries has attracted foreigners of all nationalities, some good, some bad, and Belchertown has its share, but had this writer been looking for a better class he would have found it at the same cattle show, coming from those same upland farms, faithful, honest, earnest, intelligent men and women. It happens that the writer has had opportunities during the past ten years to mingle with the inhabitants of Massachusetts, as well as Maine, to quite an extent, to see them at their cattle shows all through the eastern and middle portions as well as in their institutions, and being interested in the management of these exhibitions has sought faithfully to judge of the quality of the fairs, the character of the people in attendance, and the demand for amusements. We have not been looking for the "loathsome rabble" though had it been present it would have been seen. It is true to-day, as always, that the brutal, profane and vulgar are to be found in public gatherings, but these "cattle shows" as maintained at these "cattle shows" in 1898 than 50 years ago. Loathsome creatures may have been present but they were not as bold and defiant. Evidently the writer in the *Atlantic*, seeking something sensational, was looking for vice, coarseness, profanity, etc., and finding these, saw not the preponderance of virtue, strength of character and quality, present upon the same grounds.

But there is another aspect of the case far more serious. If these charges go unchallenged fuel is but added to the flame and the burdens laid upon the rural towns made heavier. The charge is false, and it must be so emphatically denied by those who are slandered that it will be withdrawn. It rests upon Maine as well as Massachusetts. It very materially affects the future of the farm homes and smaller villages. The charge carries its blight with it unless promptly challenged. The farms are feeding the business enterprises of the cities, not alone with raw material grown thereon, but with the best blood of the homes, and they will continue to do so.

Should the day ever come when the condition of the country towns is as black as painted by this writer the doom of the cities will be sealed, for they exist only by the influx of fresh country blood. The rural inhabitant, in view of these frequent charges, needs to be more active and aggressive, not alone to deny but in proving false such assertions, and the quickest and surest path is that leading to increased activity in all pertaining to higher citizenship. Men and women of Maine, born and reared upon these farms, this libelous charge that the inhabitants are a "wicked throng of human creatures" is laid at the door of the rural homes. Every instinct of honor should prompt a denial so emphatic that it must be heard and heeded. Rural New England has been, is, and is to be, the fountain head from which have gone and will go, leaders in every field of action. Losing something inevitably by the decrease in population it is still the source and seat of that great conservative influence which keeps the balance of moral actions prominently in the foreground, in town and city as well as country.

own burden by making that of the farmer, who is already overtaxed, heavier. Until it can be proven that we shall not be called upon to make good the deficit, it stands in hand to look well at this movement and to prepare ourselves to guard our own interests when the same subject comes up in the next legislature.

Now is the time for the farmers to prepare themselves for the next fight in defence of their rights. But we should be careful that we do not oppress our best friends through a mistaken attempt to do justice.

Our greatest danger comes from would-be reformers whose theories of reform are not practical. Against these, the farmer must defend himself.

Monroe. Enoch C. Dow.

## RELIGIOUS INACTIVITY.

I have just read the proclamation of Gov. Rollins of N. H., for Fast Day. Never within my memory, has anything like it appeared in a Fast Day proclamation, and its truth and its worth also are proven by the interest it has excited. Various opinions are expressed as to its truth; generally it is denied by clergymen and endorsed by laymen; but if there is not a decline in religious sentiment, then religious sentiment is not manifest by attendance on Divine worship. In all the villages in Maine, there is now but one service in the daytime on Sunday; some of them have a service in the evening but many do not.

## RUM DID IT!

Forty years ago there were two days, and an evening service in those same churches, and the attendance was from 50 to 100 per cent. more than it is to-day. Many business men take Sunday for a day of recreation, never going to church, and many give very little or nothing for the support of the gospel; and in my village not more than 50 per cent. of the children attend Sunday school. I think lack of attendance at church and Sunday school and lack of interest in our fellow men are indications of lack of religious interest, and all these signs are apparent.

I do not know what statistics prove about this matter, but they are often wrong, quite as often wrong as right in defining the real situation. Possibly the deserted church buildings may not be a criterion, but I believe that while many go to church who have no very pronounced religious sentiment, very few, or none, stay away who have any love for God's service. What is uppermost in a man's mind presents itself to society, and "sweet water does not come from a bitter fountain," neither do men gather from thistles. If, therefore, there are fewer signs of religious interest, in all directions, why should we doubt the signs?

Every interest in a community is benefited by churches and church influence, though many deny the fact, yet, I doubt if such ones would purchase property in a village where no such influence existed. If Gov. Rollins is right what is the duty of the hour? It is for every man and woman to use their money and influence to raise the standard of Christianity, and make the christian work more efficient, beginning by a regular attendance on Divine worship, and the exemplifying of their faith by labor in the Lord's vineyard. Wm. H. Moody.

Liberty, April 17, 1899.

## THE AUGUSTA SAVINGS BANK.

In the last issue of the *Farmer*, our readers were interested in the remarkable presentation of facts concerning the Augusta Savings Bank, the second in Maine, made by the State Bank Examiner. Good management, wise investments, prudence in government and a close watch over the interests of depositors have won for this bank and its officials a reputation excelled by no institution in New England. Made up almost entirely of deposits from the savings of the great middle class the investments show the care and good judgment exercised in the steadily increasing market value of the securities, insuring a growing balance over amount due depositors. The record is one in which all interested may well take pride for in its stability and security depositors are finding a safe investment and sure income.

## THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Bro. Twitcheil: Perhaps you will be pleased to learn the results of our advertisement in the *Farmer*, and the demand for Shortorns. We had 30 inquiries from our ad. from all parts of the State and the ad. has been sold to Edward Kennedy of Hersey, Aroostook county. We had more letters from Aroostook county than from any other section.

HOWARD & ELLIS.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE FARMER AND THE RAILROAD.

It is a well known fact that the recent attempt by the legislature to compel the railroads to give a two-cent per mile fare was not a measure that originated with the farmers of the State. As a rule, the farming people do but little traveling on the cars and, hence, have but little personal interest in a reduced rate of fare.

While this is true, it is also a fact that all farmers are directly affected by the freight rates. The railroads of the State have been, and are now willing to give what concessions they could afford to the matter of freight rates. By the help afforded us through the medium of railway traffic, we have been able to place our products upon the markets of Boston and New York, as well as other large cities, under conditions that have given us the advantages of those markets when at their best. Whatever faults they have—no doubt they are many—they are indispensable to us under present conditions. I know it is the "fad" to rail at the freight charges and to call all railway corporations "bloated monopolies," but the fact is that these same "monopolies" are the farmers' friends, without which life would be much harder than it now is.

I am not pleading in the interest of the railroads but in my own behalf and in behalf of every other farmer who pays freight upon goods shipped or received. Any material decrease in the passenger rates must result in an increase in freight charges. It looks as though the men who travel were trying to lighten their

own burden by making that of the farmer, who is already overtaxed, heavier. Until it can be proven that we shall not be called upon to make good the deficit, it stands in hand to look well at this movement and to prepare ourselves to guard our own interests when the same subject comes up in the next legislature.

Now is the time for the farmers to prepare themselves for the next fight in defence of their rights. But we should be careful that we do not oppress our best friends through a mistaken attempt to do justice.

Our greatest danger comes from would-be reformers whose theories of reform are not practical. Against these, the farmer must defend himself.

Monroe. Enoch C. Dow.

## RELIGIOUS INACTIVITY.

I have just read the proclamation of Gov. Rollins of N. H., for Fast Day. Never within my memory, has anything like it appeared in a Fast Day proclamation, and its truth and its worth also are proven by the interest it has excited. Various opinions are expressed as to its truth; generally it is denied by clergymen and endorsed by laymen; but if there is not a decline in religious sentiment, then religious sentiment is not manifest by attendance on Divine worship. In all the villages in Maine, there is now but one service in the daytime on Sunday; some of them have a service in the evening but many do not.

## RUM DID IT!

Forty years ago there were two days, and an evening service in those same churches, and the attendance was from 50 to 100 per cent. more than it is to-day. Many business men take Sunday for a day of recreation, never going to church, and many give very little or nothing for the support of the gospel; and in my village not more than 50 per cent. of the children attend Sunday school. I think lack of attendance at church and Sunday school and lack of interest in our fellow men are indications of lack of religious interest, and all these signs are apparent.

I do not know what statistics prove about this matter, but they are often wrong, quite as often wrong as right in defining the real situation. Possibly the deserted church buildings may not be a criterion, but I believe that while many go to church who have no very pronounced religious sentiment, very few, or none, stay away who have any love for God's service. What is uppermost in a man's mind presents itself to society, and "sweet water does not come from a bitter fountain," neither do men gather from thistles. If, therefore, there are fewer signs of religious interest, in all directions, why should we doubt the signs?

Every interest in a community is benefited by churches and church influence, though many deny the fact, yet, I doubt if such ones would purchase property in a village where no such influence existed. If Gov. Rollins is right what is the duty of the hour? It is for every man and woman to use their money and influence to raise the standard of Christianity, and make the christian work more efficient, beginning by a regular attendance on Divine worship, and the exemplifying of their faith by labor in the Lord's vineyard. Wm. H. Moody.

Liberty, April 17, 1899.

## THE AUGUSTA SAVINGS BANK.

In the last issue of the *Farmer*, our readers were interested in the remarkable presentation of facts concerning the Augusta Savings Bank, the second in Maine, made by the State Bank Examiner. Good management, wise investments, prudence in government and a close watch over the interests of depositors have won for this bank and its officials a reputation excelled by no institution in New England. Made up almost entirely of deposits from the savings of the great middle class the investments show the care and good judgment exercised in the steadily increasing market value of the securities, insuring a growing balance over amount due depositors. The record is one in which all interested may well take pride for in its stability and security depositors are finding a safe investment and sure income.

## THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Bro. Twitcheil: Perhaps you will be pleased to learn the results of our advertisement in the *Farmer*, and the demand for Shortorns. We had 30 inquiries from our ad. from all parts of the State and the ad. has been sold to Edward Kennedy of Hersey, Aroostook county. We had more letters from Aroostook county than from any other section.

HOWARD & ELLIS.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE FARMER AND THE RAILROAD.

It is a well known fact that the recent attempt by the legislature to compel the railroads to give a two-cent per mile fare was not a measure that originated with the farmers of the State. As a rule, the farming people do but little traveling on the cars and, hence, have but little personal interest in a reduced rate of fare.

While this is true, it is also a fact that all farmers are directly affected by the freight rates. The railroads of the State have been, and are now willing to give what concessions they could afford to the matter of freight rates. By the help afforded us through the medium of railway traffic, we have been able to place our products upon the markets of Boston and New York, as well as other large cities, under conditions that have given us the advantages of those markets when at their best. Whatever faults they have—no doubt they are many—they are indispensable to us under present conditions. I know it is the "fad" to rail at the freight charges and to call all railway corporations "bloated monopolies," but the fact is that these same "monopolies" are the farmers' friends, without which life would be much harder than it now is.

I am not pleading in the interest of the railroads but in my own behalf and in behalf of every other farmer who pays freight upon goods shipped or received. Any material decrease in the passenger rates must result in an increase in freight charges. It looks as though the men who travel were trying to lighten their

## City News.

—The whistle of the Della Collins was heard for the first time on Tuesday, and the boats are now running regularly three times a week.

—The Kennebec is open and the first vessel of the season came up the river last Thursday, April 13. This makes the date about three weeks later than last year.

—Hon. J. H. Manley and party after a delightful trip in Mexico will turn their faces northward to-day, expecting to reach Augusta before the middle of May.

—A wagonload of wild geese, shot on Belgrade pond, one day last week, was a novel sight on our streets, but they sold rapidly. It savored of old times when game was plenty on the Kennebec.

—Augusta Masons are prominent in the grand lodge of Maine, and the annual election at Portland next month will see several of them honored by election to the highest office in the gift of the several bodies.

—The reports of Williams and Village school district officials are in the hands of the public and they tell the story of efficiency of our school work and the quality of our corps of instructors. Augusta has reason to be proud of its schools.

—It is said that the movement for the School Improvement League in the State was started two years ago by the village district schools of Augusta, when they began to beautify their buildings and grounds. Let the credit be given to these interested workers.

—In the appointment of Hon. Chas. S. Hichborn as member of the State Topographical Commission, Gov. Powers has named one of the best equipped men in Maine, one who takes pride in whatever he undertakes and serves faithfully so long as duties demand attention.

—Mr. Ira H. Randall says that he never knew the Maine lumber business to be so promising as at present. For two years the supply of manufactured lumber greatly exceeded the demand, but now the pendulum has swung the other way and there is not nearly enough lumber to supply the demand.

—Richard Fitzgerald, aged 16, son of Patrick Fitzgerald of this city, while attempting to board a freight train in the Maine Central yard, Portland, Monday, fell beneath the wheels, and both arms were so badly mangled that they will have to be amputated. It is thought that he will recover.

—On Monday evening, it being the close of twenty-two years constant service as matron of the Maine Insane Asylum, Miss A. G. Twitcheil invited the present officers and past officials, and their families to a dinner which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Time has been leaving his marks upon the faces and with the pleasure of the reunion came the thought of vacant seats, while before the faces of those present rose the forms of those now absent. The story of the changes which have come in the care of the unfortunate during these years, of the larger measure of comfort and softening influence of entertainments provided, would be a chapter full of suggestive lessons.

## BOARD BULLETIN.

In the April Bulletin, Sec'y McKeen treats of the Farm Garden, urging care in selecting the location, and laying out the grounds so as to secure a proper variety of the garden crops, and to ensure its being handled to advantage and mostly by horse labor.

Returns are given from the several counties as well as individual opinions as to the value of the garden. Considerable space is given to the important question of spraying, the directions issued by the Michigan Experiment Station being given with formulas. This is the most valuable portion of the bulletin.

The next issue will be devoted to barn construction, and the secretary desires to secure plans and drawings of such barns as have been recently built, which may combine modern conveniences with such hygienic arrangements as shall make them models for imitation. In making up the general condition of the State, the following general average is found:

Number of farm stock, 100 per cent; value, 108 per cent. Amount of stock fodder on hand, 120 per cent. Cost of wintering farm animals, 88 per cent. Estimated reduction in cost based chiefly on low price of hay and other feeds. Acreage of land ploughed last year, compared with former years, 104 per cent. Several counties report indications of an increased acreage of corn.

## THE STAR OF THE BOSTON HORSE SHOW.

The Herald reports competition the first day at the Boston Horse Show as follows:

"The very first class called was one of much local interest, as the exhibitors, Messrs. Eben D. Jordan and James S. Sanborn, are well known breeders. The former has a very warm regard for the hackney, while Mr. Sanborn's taste goes to the French coach horse. One representative from Mr. Jordan's stud—Lord Denby II.—met two of Mr. Sanborn's stallions, Gemare and Lothaire, and after a critical review by the judges the first and third prizes were awarded to Lothaire and Gemare respectively, and second to Mr. Jordan's hackney. Lothaire won first at the Boston Horse Show two years ago. This was Lord Denby II.'s first appearance in the show ring here, although he won numerous ribbons abroad."

The *Daily Record* pronounces Lothaire the "star of the Boston Horse Show."

## OUTLOOK IN ETNA.

An old subscriber put a chapter of good news into a sentence when, in reporting the outlook in his town, he says: "Stock wintered well; sheep never better; cows on the increase; more oxen than seen for years in this section; very fine yearling colts; some have planted peas; cold yet, lots of snow around fences, ice in the ponds solid; several flocks of wild geese passed in the N. E. this week; poor season for maple syrup."

## Bowker's Fertilizers

Have stood practical farm tests for over 25 years. Their sale has increased in that time from nothing to over 30,000 tons a year. The BOWKER FERTILIZER CO. has ample capital and experience to produce fertilizers of unsurpassed crop-producing power at low prices to the farmer.

See local agents, or send to us for free copy of our new Catalogue.  
Bowker Fertilizer Co.,  
43 Chatham St., Boston,  
68 Broad St., New York.

## County News.

—Herbert R. Spencer '99, Waterville, has just been appointed instructor at Cobscook Classical Institute.







## THEY THAT SIT IN DARKNESS.

By JOHN MAOKIE.

(Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

"You mustn't call them weaklings—so many of us are built that way. Let's call them partialities. I've got ever so many. Well, Saville's second biggest one's his dog, Samson, and of course, he thinks there's not another like it in Australia. I know myself there isn't. You'll enjoy the poodle, however, when he tells you how it killed the rat at Charters Towers. The place doesn't signify—it's always shifting about, like the story. But you're bound to love Saville. I do, ever so much."

I came to the conclusion that I also would take to Saville. Apart from recommendations of a like nature, I always, upon principle, cultivate a friendly relationship with cooks.

We found the squatter seated close to the wagon: one of the sides of the tarpaulin had been lifted up and pitched like the roof of a veranda, so he sat in the shade.

"I've brought you some one to talk to, dad!" exclaimed the girl. "I must go and see Elsie. She went off toward her tent, which, with sides gathered up, was covered with long leafy boughs, so as to keep the occupants cool."

"Good morning, Parker," said the squatter cheerily. "I'm glad you're not traveling today." He motioned me to sit down beside him.

I talked with him about an hour and found him well informed. He was precise in his ways, but the innate kindness of the man robbed his speech of any suggestion of pedantry. He was in the middle of an argument when his daughter came out of her tent looking amused.

"Ho, dad!" she cried. The squatter started and looked apprehensive as if he had been caught in the act of exploiting some unorthodox doctrine. "Well, my dear?" he stammered.

"Why didn't you put up a notice in the morning that you were going to lecture? Then we'd all have had a chance of attending. You are unkind, daddy, dear."

"Really, my dear!"—But the girl interrupted him; she had heard a dog whining behind her, and, turning, cried sharply, "Now, then, Snowball, what for you cooing along that fellow puppy dog? Bad that fellow savey no patter tum-tum, s'posin you leave um alonga ground!"

The change from the talk of an educated English girl to the gibberish of a black gin was so complete and startling that I could hardly believe it was she who had spoken. The black fellow, who had been punishing his dog for appropriating some food left on the ground, desisted—to do a black fellow justice he seldom ill treats his dog—and went off to join his comrade, who was at some little distance beneath a shady sheoak tree. He tried to look unconcerned; so does a dog when it has stolen something.

The gray must have broken his hobble and strayed a considerable distance from camp; it was a great pity that Jack had to go horse hunting while I was enjoying congenial company. Saville had begun to clatter the pots and pans about. I knew that some of the fever would again be upon me, so declining the repeated invitation of the squatter to stop and have some dinner I walked quickly away. It was my wish to be alone. In those attacks of delirium I did not care that any one should hear me talking nonsense. Oh, this curse of my life, this fever that had got me in its grip!

I hurried to my camp and seized a blanket. The ague was on me already, and I was becoming cold as death even under that warm sun. It must have affected my head, for on taking the canvas water bag I walked down and along the creek bottom, then struck out from it into the bush again, taking no note of where I wandered and caring less. I threw myself down somewhere. Then for some time I fancied myself alone in the arctic regions, lying on a field of ice, with nothing to cover me, and freezing to death.

## CHAPTER IV.

ODDER EXPERIENCES.

In the period of delirium which followed I experienced some curious delusions. So powerfully did they impress me at the time that even now I can recall them distinctly.

When I became alive to the present, it was only to be conscious of suffering—of a sore, weary body stretched on the rack of a fevered fever and consumed by a burning thirst. My canvas water bag was empty, but there was not strength enough left in me to go and fill it again. As for the blacks who prowled about in that dangerous country, they hardly gave me a thought. But the snake that was forever poisoning itself above me as if to strike filled me with a terror which in vain I struggled against.

There was a mocking assumption of superior wisdom or cunning in its look. Would the end never come? In my horror to break the spell I cried aloud.

But it was a human voice that answered.

"All right, Mr. Parker. Why, don't you know me? You look as if you'd been a snake or a black fellow! What do you take me for?"

"I believe you are—something un-canny," I gasped.

The glittering eyes of the serpent had changed into the calm, dark eyes of the squatter's daughter, and her soft, clear voice—it was one of her great charms—came from the place where the snake had hissed.

She looked fixedly at me through an opening in the trees with that wonderfully beautiful face of hers. There was a certain witchery in her gaze that fascinated. I almost began to think that she was only the embodiment of some spirit of the wood, or some illusion of my poor fever-stricken senses, or that some species of magic, the serpent had been transformed into the woman; for my gaze had never shifted, and the eyes had always been there. But she had divined the situation at a glance.

She came quickly forward till she stood by my side. In a second her voice had undergone a change; her eyes had lost that quizzing, laughing light, and instead there was a look of genuine anxiety and kindness in them; her voice was womanly, and full of a quiet, unobtrusive sympathy when she spoke.

She had changed from the girl into the woman.

"You have had another attack of the fever," she said. "Now, I shan't trouble you; because I know when one has the fever one is best left alone. And you'll have no water—oh, too bad, too bad! I'll fetch some in half a minute." And, picking up the water bag, she disappeared in what I suppose was the direction of the creek. I noticed that under her right arm she carried a light sporting rifle. In a few minutes she was back again, holding the bag up to my lips, and placed my hat upon my head—I had not missed it.

"Now you have had enough," she protested, when I had taken a few greedy mouthfuls. "Lie down for a little longer, and you'll be able to go to the camp after a bit. I'll go away and come back again." And off she went. I dozed, and then my scattered senses began to gather themselves together again into some semblance of rationality. I must have been asleep some considerable time, for when I awoke the sun was low in the heavens, and the atmosphere was pleasant. I was thinking that it was a curious thing to dream about some one coming and filling my water bag, and to wake up and find that there was indeed water in the bag, when, looking round, I saw Norah Mackenzie sitting on a fallen tree, with her back to me, a few paces distant. I had not moved nor uttered a word, but she turned the instant I looked at her, and, coming toward me, said:

"You are all right now. I can see you are. Do you think you can come to the camp? You really shouldn't wander from it when you feel the fever coming on. It's not safe. Just think of what trouble the other day. Come!"—the frank impulsive nature of the girl was reassuring itself—"give me your hands." She stretched out both hers and pulled me to my feet.

The attack of fever had passed. I was beginning to feel myself again. "Don't tell me that you've been sitting here all this time waiting for me!" I exclaimed, conscience stricken.

She laughed lightly. "Remember the old saying, 'Ask no questions and you'll suffer from no perversions of the truth.' Do you know, Mr. Parker, that there's a little of the quack about me. I believe I can produce a cure for this fever. It's one of the blacks used up on the Burdekin."

"Ho, dad!" she cried. The squatter started and looked apprehensive as if he had been caught in the act of exploiting some unorthodox doctrine. "Well, my dear?" he stammered.

"Why didn't you put up a notice in the morning that you were going to lecture? Then we'd all have had a chance of attending. You are unkind, daddy, dear."

"Really, my dear!"—But the girl interrupted him; she had heard a dog whining behind her, and, turning, cried sharply, "Now, then, Snowball, what for you cooing along that fellow puppy dog? Bad that fellow savey no patter tum-tum, s'posin you leave um alonga ground!"

The change from the talk of an educated English girl to the gibberish of a black gin was so complete and startling that I could hardly believe it was she who had spoken. The black fellow, who had been punishing his dog for appropriating some food left on the ground, desisted—to do a black fellow justice he seldom ill treats his dog—and went off to join his comrade, who was at some little distance beneath a shady sheoak tree. He tried to look unconcerned; so does a dog when it has stolen something.

The gray must have broken his hobble and strayed a considerable distance from camp; it was a great pity that Jack had to go horse hunting while I was enjoying congenial company. Saville had begun to clatter the pots and pans about. I knew that some of the fever would again be upon me, so declining the repeated invitation of the squatter to stop and have some dinner I walked quickly away. It was my wish to be alone. In those attacks of delirium I did not care that any one should hear me talking nonsense. Oh, this curse of my life, this fever that had got me in its grip!

I hurried to my camp and seized a blanket. The ague was on me already, and I was becoming cold as death even under that warm sun. It must have affected my head, for on taking the canvas water bag I walked down and along the creek bottom, then struck out from it into the bush again, taking no note of where I wandered and caring less. I threw myself down somewhere. Then for some time I fancied myself alone in the arctic regions, lying on a field of ice, with nothing to cover me, and freezing to death.

## CHAPTER IV.

ODDER EXPERIENCES.

In the period of delirium which followed I experienced some curious delusions. So powerfully did they impress me at the time that even now I can recall them distinctly.

When I became alive to the present, it was only to be conscious of suffering—of a sore, weary body stretched on the rack of a fevered fever and consumed by a burning thirst. My canvas water bag was empty, but there was not strength enough left in me to go and fill it again. As for the blacks who prowled about in that dangerous country, they hardly gave me a thought. But the snake that was forever poisoning itself above me as if to strike filled me with a terror which in vain I struggled against.

There was a mocking assumption of superior wisdom or cunning in its look. Would the end never come? In my horror to break the spell I cried aloud.

But it was a human voice that answered.

"All right, Mr. Parker. Why, don't you know me? You look as if you'd been a snake or a black fellow! What do you take me for?"

"I believe you are—something un-canny," I gasped.

The glittering eyes of the serpent had changed into the calm, dark eyes of the squatter's daughter, and her soft, clear voice—it was one of her great charms—came from the place where the snake had hissed.

She looked fixedly at me through an opening in the trees with that wonderfully beautiful face of hers. There was a certain witchery in her gaze that fascinated. I almost began to think that she was only the embodiment of some spirit of the wood, or some illusion of my poor fever-stricken senses, or that some species of magic, the serpent had been transformed into the woman; for my gaze had never shifted, and the eyes had always been there. But she had divined the situation at a glance.

She came quickly forward till she stood by my side. In a second her voice had undergone a change; her eyes had lost that quizzing, laughing light, and instead there was a look of genuine anxiety and kindness in them; her voice was womanly, and full of a quiet, unobtrusive sympathy when she spoke.



Two hearts can make a love affair, but it takes three, at least, to make a home, and one of them must be that of a baby. The young married couples that start out in life with the idea that children are nuisances, and that they do not want and will not have them, are the kind that you read about every day in the newspapers—in the divorce columns. A home without children is not a home. God and Nature never intended that there should be a place called home that did not resound with the patter of childish footsteps.

There are tens of thousands of ill-healths that are children because of the ill-health of the wife and would-be mother. There are tens of thousands of other homes childless because the little ones have died almost as soon as they were born. In both cases Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sovereign remedy. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that make wifehood and motherhood possible. It makes them well, strong, vigorous, virile, and elastic. It does away with the dangers of maternity. It banishes the usual discomforts of the expectant period and makes baby's advent easy and painless. It insures the little new comer's health and an ample supply of nourishment. The prospective mother prepares herself for maternity by taking the "Favorite Prescription" and gives her child a fair start in life by giving it a strong and well-developed body. Thousands of homes that were childless, to-day echo with babies' laughter and the voices of their mothers. Thousands of women who were weak, nervous, depondent invalids, are to-day happy, healthy wives and mothers. Send for this medicine. Medicine dealers sell it.

Constipation kills slowly—but it kills. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it.

gray as if to go out again. "Hello, old chap!" he exclaimed the minute he saw me. "I thought you were lost: was just going to hunt you up."

Then he caught sight of the girl. He took the pipe out of his mouth, and I could see his face light up with a pleased and awakened interest. It was evident I had been ill, and he could guess the rest: there were few sharper than Jack at interpreting rightly a situation. He went toward the squatter's daughter, and, taking the empty water bag from her hand, said something to her in a voice so low that I could not hear it. He then turned to me, and, taking a tumbler poured off a clear amber liquid from the former into it, then he took the pipe and I supposed he was about to smoke.

And I had allowed her to carry a rifle and my water bag to the camp! I dare say my face just then must have borne a look of horror and self reproach, for the girl laughed and said:

"You needn't blame yourself: my rifle only weighs a few pounds, and you didn't see it. As for the bag, I emptied and hid it, so after all you're not so very much to blame. But I must go back to my own camp. I'm so glad you're all right again. Goodbye in the meantime." And before I could stammer out a word of thanks she had disappeared into the bush, leaving me staring after her.

It was a sweet burst of melody: it held us as I could imagine those who for the first time heard the divine powers of music were held. Some were playing on the violin with consummate skill—only a musician could produce such sounds; was one of Mendelssohn's songs—that gleaming "Spring Song." I ceased to speculate as to the creator of the music, lost in the beauty of the music itself.

"It's that witch, the squatter's girl," exclaimed Jack, who had let his pipe go and was listening. "Without exchanging further words we went on to the squatter's camp. "Glad to see you," was the squatter's greeting. "Sit down, Parker. Glad that you've recovered so quickly! Do you sing, Mr. Farquharson? Tut, tut, I mean Tyndal. I've just been thinking about that poor, unfortunate fellow."

Jack had started so violently and turned so ghastly a face upon the squatter when he was addressed by Farquharson that I saw Norah Mackenzie give him a strange glance with her quick, observant eyes. Jack recovered himself in another instant.

"Once upon a time I used to do a little singing," he answered, "but there's more of the raven than the canary in my throat now."

"That's your modesty, I'm sure," insisted the squatter. "Sometimes of a Sunday night in the bush we go in for a little music. Saville here sings a capital bass. He was a chorister in an old country cathedral once. Let's have a song that we all know and can join in. Here is one. Pass round these copies. Gordon, stand up and sing the first verse. It's a hymn under the dusky eaves of the Australian forest. It is safe to say I never enjoyed an open air concert so much as this one. I closed my eyes and lo!

I sat in a sleepy old fashioned stream, watching the waning sunlight stream through a stained glass window which dyed the sunbeams with the crimson and golden hues from garments of saints and martyrs and deepening the shadows that like the dust on the moldy marbles overhead, lay close and thick. Through other windows, ivory draped and partially open, came the sweet breath of spring, the glow of the dawn, the gleaming in the green lanes, and the song of the birds never ceased. How instinct was that sacred spot with the associations of the past—how eloquent every dingy stone and well worn pew! But, oh, dear familiar faces, where were they? There was nothing in this world save farewells! Then, breathing of an infinite tenderness and trust, the notes of an anthem rose, the fresh, sweet voices of youth and beauty, and the deeper and fuller ones of mature age blending with the rich chords of the organ until the harmony was more of heaven than of earth. The world, the

flesh and the devil were no more, and a sense of rest and peace possessed me such as I have never before known. Surely, the spirits of those whose memory had



become as a sacred dream were with me then, and there was no such thing in this world as care. But the music ceased, and the sweet notes rolled away—waves of sound on the sands of eternity.

Then I heard the quaint refrains and dirges of the sad voiced Australian forest, and, looking up toward the fretted roof of the old church, I saw the Southern Cross gleaming in the illimitable vault of the eternal heavens.

CHAPTER V.

"WHICH WOULD YOU PREFER?" Next morning Jack and I were up at daybreak; the squatter's camp was also astir. Luckily the horses had not strayed far during the night, so that soon we had them driven up, ready for a start.

I was just putting the billie on the fire when Snowball, one of the black boys, came up and told me that his "white missus" wanted to see me. Instructing him to tell her I would be with her immediately, and wondering what she could want with me, I ran down to the creek and hurried through my simple toilet.

When I reached the squatter's camp, Norah Mackenzie was waiting for me. With a smile she took down a silver drinking cup from the limb of a tree on which it had rested overnight, and taking a tumbler poured off a clear amber liquid from the former into it, then he took the pipe and I supposed he was about to smoke.

And I had allowed her to carry a rifle and my water bag to the camp! I dare say my face just then must have borne a look of horror and self reproach, for the girl laughed and said:

"You needn't blame yourself: my rifle only weighs a few pounds, and you didn't see it. As for the bag, I emptied and hid it, so after all you're not so very much to blame. But I must go back to my own camp. I'm so glad you're all right again. Goodbye in the meantime." And before I could stammer out a word of thanks she had disappeared into the bush, leaving me staring after her.

It was a sweet burst of melody: it held us as I could imagine those who for the first time heard the divine powers of music were held. Some were playing on the violin with consummate skill—only a musician could produce such sounds; was one of Mendelssohn's songs—that gleaming "Spring Song." I ceased to speculate as to the creator of the music, lost in the beauty of the music itself.

"It's that witch, the squatter's girl," exclaimed Jack, who had let his pipe go and was listening. "Without exchanging further words we went on to the squatter's camp. "Glad to see you," was the squatter's greeting. "Sit down, Parker. Glad that you've recovered so quickly! Do you sing, Mr. Farquharson? Tut, tut, I mean Tyndal. I've just been thinking about that poor, unfortunate fellow."

Jack had started so violently and turned so ghastly a face upon the squatter when he was addressed by Farquharson that I saw Norah Mackenzie give him a strange glance with her quick, observant eyes. Jack recovered himself in another instant.

"Once upon a time I used to do a little singing," he answered, "but there's more of the raven than the canary in my throat now."

"That's your modesty, I'm sure," insisted the squatter. "Sometimes of a Sunday night in the bush we go in for a little music. Saville here sings a capital bass. He was a chorister in an old country cathedral once. Let's have a song that we all know and can join in. Here is one. Pass round these copies. Gordon, stand up and sing the first verse. It's a hymn under the dusky eaves of the Australian forest. It is safe to say I never enjoyed an open air concert so much as this one. I closed my eyes and lo!

I sat in a sleepy old fashioned stream, watching the waning sunlight stream through a stained glass window which dyed the sunbeams with the crimson and golden hues from garments of saints and martyrs and deepening the shadows that like the dust on the moldy marbles overhead, lay close and thick. Through other windows, ivory draped and partially open, came the sweet breath of spring, the glow of the dawn, the gleaming in the green lanes, and the song of the birds never ceased. How instinct was that sacred spot with the associations of the past—how eloquent every dingy stone and well worn pew! But, oh, dear familiar faces, where were they? There was nothing in this world save farewells! Then, breathing of an infinite tenderness and trust, the notes of an anthem rose, the fresh, sweet voices of youth and beauty, and the deeper and fuller ones of mature age blending with the rich chords of the organ until the harmony was more of heaven than of earth. The world, the

flesh and the devil were no more, and a sense of rest and peace possessed me such as I have never before known. Surely, the spirits of those whose memory had

"Yes, I do," interrupted Jack grimly, while open old hard look coming into his face which I knew was the outcome of some hidden trouble.

The squatter saw it and hastened to say: "Oh, I beg your pardon! I didn't mean to. However, I'm very glad you are coming. Let's get ready."

Then Jack and I, putting the pack saddles on our horses, drove them over into Mackenzie's mob and rode on, not wishing to force our company upon the others more than was absolutely necessary.

It was now good and pleasant traveling. Occasionally we had to go a little out of the line we had adopted to keep clear of a thick thicket or a clump of scrub, but generally it was a grassy open or lightly timbered country. Sometimes, for many miles at a stretch, we could imagine ourselves in a nobleman's park in some beautiful old country county. There was the turf beneath our feet—not, however, so green and velvety. There were the great ancestral trees standing in stately isolation and the long dim glades in the background. The wagon could pursue a straight course in such places. Only at times that we were not in the old country was brought forcibly home, when, for instance, some emus on a clearing would crane their necks at our approach and scuttle off into the scrub or a band of gray kangaroos came bounding right into the open in the foreground; then, on observing us, sat up on their hind quarters to get a better view before hopping off again, leaving a labored tattoo on the ground with their great tails. Once we halted and watched a pair of native companions—large gray birds somewhat resembling gigantic cranes, going through that remarkable dance which they indulge in occasionally. It was indeed an extraordinary sight.

"I wonder now what the niggers call those festive creatures?" Jack remarked absently.

"The 'barragals,'" he replied, rolling her r's. "Don't you notice the resemblance of the name to the cry of the bird?"

I could not help thinking of Max O'Rell's statement when talking of Friend Macdonald—"Show me people who roll their r's, and I'll show you a people with backbone." After all, Norah Mackenzie was highland Scotch by descent.

It impressed me not a little to see the thoughtful expression in the girl's eyes when only that which amused would have been visible to nine women out of ten. I had not given her credit for seeing beneath the surface of things. And she was evidently one of those who have a dislike to be taken seriously, for as her father and Jack rode on ahead, leaving me and Norah checked her horse until it was alongside mine and asked me, with the spirit of mischief still lurking in her eyes, how I had liked the chocolate drop she gave me that morning.

I turned and looked at her steadily. "I can't say it tasted quite so sweet after the alternative you proposed. You'll play with fire until some day you get burned," I answered.

For now I was conscious of a strange feeling of resentment toward her. It was not pleasant to think that she should hold me so lightly and treat me as she might a child. I had told that morning almost regarded her as one, but there had been a dangerous glamour in her eyes when my arms had gone out to her as if by an irresistible impulse. Then I had ceased to look upon her as a child and began to regard her as something infinitely more dangerous.

She checked herself in an uneasy laugh, and although I gazed right ahead of me I could tell that she was favoring me with one of her inscrutable smiles. She was beginning to exercise a subtle influence over me, and perhaps she divined it, for in another minute her mood had changed. Though she spoke as frankly as before, she did not again venture upon such dangerous ground.

As if by mutual consent we began talking about many things. It would be difficult for me now to say how it came about, but she had very soon learned from me the history of my checkered connection with the law: how I had become a duly qualified practitioner in England and ceased to be one when fortune came to me; how when leaving my mother I had come out to South Australia and soon had qualified to practice there, but how I had found it impossible to take to the work again, for the old nomadic spirit within me asserting itself, I was drawn into that bush which had always exercised such a powerful fascination for me. Norah Mackenzie listened, as I thought, with a pleased look on her face, but she made no comment. We were now abreast of Jack. The girl asked him if he also were a wanderer by choice and profession.

"Certainly," was the prompt reply. "I'm a rolling stone of the first water." "You seem proud of it," remarked the girl.

"That so," was the confident reply. "Ever since a certain young lady told me—confidentially, of course—that she preferred rolling stones to the other sort, because if they didn't gather much moss they gained lots of polish."

"And what did you say to that?" "Why, I rewarded her—on the spot," replied Jack, with the air of a man who had done his duty. "You see, as she was a sort of first second cousin, and rather good looking, one couldn't be ungrateful."

That night we camped on the edge of a pine forest, and to me it was almost as welcome a sight as that of the glorious old ocean when one's eyes have rested upon nothing for months, and perhaps years, but the interminable glaucous green of the eucalyptus till they have reached for a change. Change means rest to the senses that have run too long in one groove.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ANOTHER GRAND OFFER. Fine Silverware Free.

THIS SILVER-PLATED WARE can be used in cooking, eating and medicines the same as solid silver. The base of this ware is solid nickel-silver metal, and being perfectly white and hard it will never change color, and will wear a lifetime. This ware will not, cannot turn brass, corrode or rust. We absolutely guarantee that each and every piece of this ware is plated with the full STANDARD amount of pure coin-silver. In beauty and finish it is perfect.

## FULL SIZE.

All of the ware is full regulation size. Dessert-forks are specially designed for cutting and eating pie, and dessert-spoons are proper spoons with which to eat soup.

## GUARANTEE.

We guarantee every piece of this ware to be exactly as it is described and to give entire satisfaction or money refunded.



INITIAL LETTER Each piece of this ware (except the knives) engraved free of charge with an initial letter in Old English. Only one letter on a piece. Say what initial you want.

## PREMIUM OFFERS.

We will send the MAINE FARMER one year in advance and the Silverware to any one at the following prices:

The Maine Farmer 1 year and a Set of 6 Teaspoons for the club price of	\$2.00
The Maine Farmer 1 year and a Set of 6 Dessert-forks for the club price of	2.50
The Maine Farmer 1 year and a Set of 6 Dessert-spoons for the club price of	2.50
The Maine Farmer 1 year and a Set of 6 Dessert-knives for the club price of	2.50
The Maine Farmer 1 year and a Set of 6 Dessert-forks and 6 Dessert-spoons for the club price of	3.00
The Maine Farmer 1 year and a Set of 6 Dessert-knives and 6 Dessert-spoons for the club price of	3.00
The Maine Farmer 1 year and a Set of 6 Dessert-forks and 6 Dessert-knives for the club price of	3.00
The Maine Farmer 1 year and a Set of 6 Dessert-spoons and 6 Dessert-knives for the club price of	3.00
The Maine Farmer 1 year and a Set of 6 Dessert-forks, 6 Dessert-spoons, and 6 Dessert-knives for the club price of	3.50

## POSTAGE PREPAID.

This unprecedented offer is open to subscribers to the MAINE FARMER for 1899 and not to any other paper in Maine.

## SECURE YOUR PRESENTS AT ONCE.

## GRAND CLUBBING LIST.

In order to place before our readers the opportunity to secure, with the MAINE FARMER some of the best publications for the farm and home, the following grand clubbing list is announced, to all who pay one year in advance. No publication can make a more generous offer, placing, as it does, the issues of the MAINE FARMER before its readers at nominal expense. Read this great list and send in your subscription for the coming year.

## We offer both for

Maine Farmer, \$1.50,	
Hoard's Dairyman, \$1.00; Total, \$2.50,	\$2.00
Maine Farmer, \$1.50,	
Strawberry Culturist, 50c.; Total, \$2.00,	1.75
Maine Farmer, \$1.50,	
Breeder's Gazette, \$2.00; Total, \$3.50,	2.50
Maine Farmer, \$1.50,	
Canadian Horticulturist, \$1.25; Total, \$2.75	2.25
Maine Farmer, \$1.50,	
New York Tribune, \$1.00; Total, \$2.50,	1.50
Maine Farmer, \$1.50,	
New York World, Tri-Weekly, \$1.50; Total, \$3,	2.00
Maine Farmer, \$1.50,	
Co-operative Farmer, N. B., \$1.00; Total, \$2.50;	2.00
Maine Farmer, \$1.50,	
Poultry Monthly, \$1.00; Total, \$2.50,	2.00
Maine Farmer, \$1.50,	
Farm Poultry, Semi-Monthly, \$1.00; Total, \$2.50,	2.00
Maine Farmer, \$1.50,	
Rural New-Yorker, \$1.00; Total, \$2.50,	2.25
Maine Farmer, \$1.50,	
Country Gentleman, \$2.00; Total, \$3.50,	3.00
Maine Farmer, \$1.50, and Youth's Companion,	
\$1.75; Total, \$3.25, new subscribers only,	2.75
Maine Farmer, \$1.50,	
Woman's Home Companion, \$1.00; Total, \$2.50,	1.75

The Maine Farmer and Standard Atlas of the World. Maps 15x22 and 22x30. Revised to July, 1890. The most complete and superb Atlas published,

1.50

The Maine Farmer and one choice double bladed Jackknife, warranted,

1.50







